CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVII NO 47. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1919. 5 CENTS A COPY.

IN THIS ISSUE A STORY BY HAROLD WARD AND JOHN IRVING PEARCE, JR.

—"BUT ONCE A YEAR."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]
VOL. XLVII. NOV. 22, 1919. NO. 47.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.
Single copies, 5 cents.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

GENTLE JABS.

The spider is an expert fly fisher.

Talk isn't always cheap, when money talks.

Your neighbor's affairs are nothing to speak of.

An ounce of jolly goes farther than a ton of advice.

Some puns are almost as pointless as women's pencils.

Every cloud has a silver lining—for the umbrella man.

It's as easy to be foolish as it is foolish to be easy.

Gossip is a deadly gas that is often fatal to friendship.

He who has no friends doesn't have to lend them money.

An artificial kiss is the kind one woman inflicts on another.

A good many moving spectacles are due to heartless landlords.

Lots of men remain bachelors simply because they can afford to.

A man who courts and runs away may be hauled into court some day.

Those who dwell in other people's memory ought to live cheaply.

A woman who flirts never thinks for a minute that men suspect her.

A childless marriage is not a howling success in one sense of the term.

Never criticise anything at a charity bazaar; you can't tell who made it.

Nothing pleases a little man so much as a chance to sling mud at a big man.

When a man falls in love he quits laughing at the other victims of the disease.

A friend who knows your secret holds a mortgage on your peace of mind.

A man's religion never dies so long as he uses the golden rule to measure his actions.

If the face of a small boy has a set look, it's a sign that mischief is about to be hatched.

He who boasts that he never kissed a girl may be telling the truth, but nobody envies him.

Men hasten to accept the mute standing invitation of a pretty girl who enters a crowded street car.

A woman is always anxious to let her husband have his own way—providing it's the same as hers.

Once upon a time a lawyer met a fool and his money; the next day the fool met the lawyer with his money.

If some men were to refrain from telling what they don't know it would be a great surprise to their acquaintances.

The Team of Ward and Pearce Will Now Perform Strike Up the Band!

By Harold Ward

THE shrinking violet who contributes these lines was born in Illinois so long ago that he fears to give the date. Suffice to say that at the tender age of 3, he decided, after considerable meditation, to embark upon a literary career and, gathering his parents to his bosom, he emigrated to South Dakota, where he settled on a ranch near Mitchell, which was then as wild and woolly as any budding writer could desire. Here he remained until 17 years of age, filling up on Western atmosphere.

Just how he secured an education he never learned. It is the general belief that he has none. However, upon returning to Illinois, he secured a position as copy boy on a newspaper, working his way up by strict attention to business to a salary of $3 per week. Later he held down various jobs in the newspaper world, ranging from reporter to managing editor.

For the benefit of his health he spent a year in Colorado, where he tramped thru the mountains soliciting subscriptions for a paper in Idaho Springs. Later he tried range riding. He gave this job up in despair when he learned by bitter experience that it takes more than a pair of chaps and a broad-brimmed hat to make a cow puncher.

Several years passed in the newspaper game here, there and somewhere else. Then our hero met the late Arthur Gillespie, who won world-wide fame as the writer of "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder" and other popular songs. He formed a song-writing partnership with Mr. Gillespie. With fear and trembling he confesses to the authorship of some two hundred songs of the soft, mushy, sentimental variety—the kind wherein the singer informs his beloved that "Under a moon is a good place to spoon some night in June," etc. A whirl at sketch writing followed and later came play writing. Three of his plays, one drama and two comedies, weathered the critics. The death of Mr. Gillespie broke up the partnership and our hero immediately turned to other fields.

In Chicago he served as press agent for a well-known New York theatrical firm and also acted as house manager at one of their Chicago theaters. Having great natural ability as a prevaricator he achieved considerable success and was looked upon with envy by his fellow press agents as being one of the best catch-as-catch-can liars since the death of the late Ananias.

His hobbies are the Reserve Militia and National Guard, in which he is a Major; books, the collection of cactus and a striped Thomas cat, ancestry unknown.

In appearance he is built along the same elegant lines as a clothes pole. He wears dark-rimmed glasses which, combined with a lofty brow, reddish hair and a constant air of spiritual meditation and hunger, has caused many people to mistake him for a preacher or a gambler.

As to his literary efforts: He has written stories for a number of years, found publication in many of the larger magazines and aroused within his friends a great curiosity as to how he gets by with them.

By John Irving Pearce, Jr

AT THE tender age of 12 I wrote the Great American Novel. The gods, grown jealous, however, of my rising star, sent their lightning bolt and the manuscript of my immortal story, along with the less valuable balance of our home, went up in smoke.

At 14 I became a cub reporter on the Chicago Tribune. Incidentally I became a poet and never recovered.

My contributions to the bookshelves so far consist in three volumes of verse and a historical novel of Chicago.

At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago I got a tip that the value of property was going to soar sky high. I took the top and plunged into the whirl of speculation. Some make millions at that game and some poor fish come out at the wrong end of the game. I did. I came out with 14 cents to my credit. Well, I wasn't stone broke, that was one consolation.

About five years ago I met an editor of a Chicago magazine. As we walked along he stopped and looked me over carefully and then he said to me, said he:

"You look as if you could be able to write good magazine stories."

I bit, and ever since then I have been pounding out on my little old typewriter thrilling tales for magazine editors.

I write most of my stuff the first time; yes, I write it more than once, lying on my back, a la Mark Twain, thru the witching hours of the night. Yes, the electric light bills are high.

In my careless youth I matriculated in the Chicago grammar and high schools and also at Yale University. Yale appealed to me, because when the monotony of the college town wore on me, I could make a quick trip down to little old New York.

I do not like movies, nor automobiles. I have never hired a taxicab in my life.

I have no preference as to the color of a man's or maiden's eyes. With me love is blind, especially in the dark.

My pet hobby is writing short stories, my pet color is purple, my pet dissipation is smoking, my pet abomination is publicity.

I like horses, dogs and pictures, grub and girls. I understand 'em all, except the girls.

I have been held up twice, married once and disillusioned many times.

I tried six times to get into Uncle Sam's man's Army during the Big Show, but some mean thing gave me away, said I was only trying to get into the commissary department to get something to eat. Anyhow, they turned me down.

I have been a bankman, a hotel manager—my father at one time owned the old Sherman House. I have also been an art buyer, a tax clerk and an editor. I am always willing to try anything once—except jail. My motto in spite of all this is still OPTIMISM.

Yes, girls, I am very handsome, but don't tell my wife!

How the Editor Went a-Hunting

SOMETIME ago the Editor of the Ledger committed what is known as matrimony, much against the advice of hundreds of friends in Chicago who declared that marriage was an institution which must be discontinued in that city for a year or two, until sufficient living quarters materialize. After thinking it over, the Editor ran his eye over the columns of the daily newspapers and found, much to his surprise, that his friends were merely envious of his good luck and were plotting to prevent him from attaining a happy state. For, in spite of the dire prophecies, the papers were full of carefully worded advertisments for cozy little flats, presenting all the comforts of home.

Thus it was that he stepped bravely forth, quite confident that the so-called flat shortage in Chicago was a hoax, and quite certain that he would find a charming place in which to deposit his better half.

He prepared for the step by cutting from the city's chief newspaper, for weeks in advance, certain advertisements which had appeared with startling regularity; advertisements which showed that flat-hunters were quite blind; advertisements which promised steam-heat, hot water, "in-a-door" beds, and a host of other factors now considered a part of convenient and frictionless city life.

The first flat he examined had been advertised for many days. "Cozy little 4-room apartment," ran the bait. He hurried over to 999 A street. It was all the advertisement promised—ONLY—it overlooked the stockyards and received, every hour of the day and night, the stench of the abattoirs. The only conditions under which it would have been habitable was that one come to it with the olfactory nerve quite paralyzed.

Partly enlightened, the editor hurried to another part of the city, 888 B street we may call it. Here was another flat advertised, with all modern conveniences. The modern conveniences were there, to be sure, but the man that built the flat had built it out of one huge room, putting up flimsy partitions within one foot of the ceiling. It reminded one of the famous maze at Riverview Park, Chicago, where one gets so entangled trying to get out of it that they climb over the wooden walls.

Undaunted, the editor went to another flat which "read well" in the advertisement. He found it at 777 C street. It fulfilled all the promises that had been presented. Only it presented another factor not mentioned at all in the advertisement. It looked out over the sparkling lake, the ripples glistening in the sunshine—yet below its huge parlor window roared the sooty, smoky, chug-

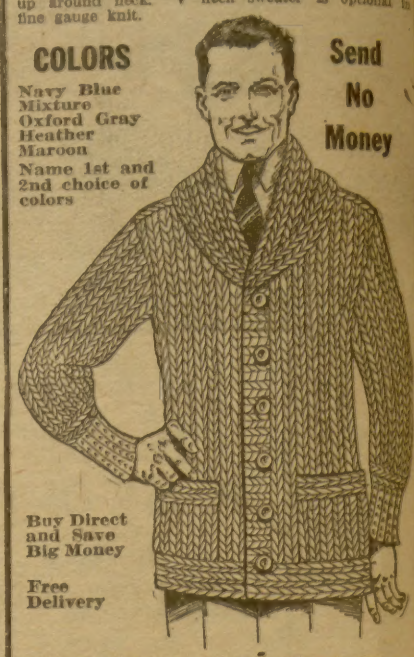
(Continued on Page 25.)

SWEATERS AT FACTORY PRICES

Warewell Sweaters are manufactured in heavy Jumbo and Shaker Knits and can be supplied with heavy wide shawl collar that may be worn flat or turned up around neck. V neck sweater is optional in fine gauge knit.

COLORS
Navy Blue
Mixture
Oxford Gray
Heather
Maroon
Name 1st and 2nd choice of colors

Send No Money



Buy Direct and Save Big Money

Free Delivery

Special Introductory Price $3.69
SIZES 34-46

Warewell Sweaters will introduce a new conception of the word comfort. Every sweater is built to give an exceptional combination of style, dressiness and comfort. Warewells are now almost universally recognized as

THE QUALITY SWEATER

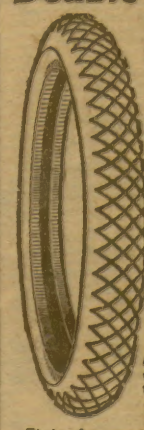
The Jumbo and Shaker knits are of extra quality, heavy and warm, and are made of soft wool mixture, large ruff double shawl collar; two strong side pockets, elastic snug fitting cuffs. V neck can also be supplied in fine gauge knit.

These values will speak for themselves to buyers of experience. Our direct from factory to wearer plan will save you big money. Why pay $8 or $10 for the same sweater?

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the sweater you select and are convinced as to the big saving you can effect. We ship direct from factory at our expense on your approval. If not satisfied, return sweater at our expense.

WAREWELL SWEATER CO.
Dept. B 191, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Save Half
On Standard Double Tread TIRES



Can be Guaranteed for 4000 Miles

Send Only $1 With Order

Will actually give a great deal more mileage. Our special reconstruction process by our own experts gives these tires twice the amount of fabric of ordinary tires—makes them practically puncture proof.

Lowest Prices Ever Offered

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3 D. T.	$ 5.40	$1.90
30x3½	6.40	2.00
32x3½	7.40	2.10
31x4	8.75	2.25
32x4	8.65	2.35
33x4	8.90	2.45
34x4	9.15	2.55
34x4½	10.50	2.70
35x4½	10.75	3.80
36x4½	11.25	2.90
35x5	12.00	3.10
37x5	12.50	3.20

Act Quick Get in on these bargains while they last and cut your tire cost in half! Don't wait—send order today. Our limited supply won't last long.

FREE Reliner With Each Tire

State size wanted, also whether straight side, clincher, plain or non-skid. Only $1 now. Balance C. O. D. 5% discount when all cash accompanies order. If not satisfied after examination return and we refund your money.

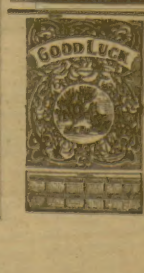
MORTON TIRE & RUBBER CO.
2901 Michigan Ave., Dept. 260 Chicago, Ill.

Asthma
Hay Fever-Bronchitis

FREE Treatment

Every sufferer of ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS should send at once for the Proven Home Treatment. Gives immediate ease and comfort. Stops the choking and difficult breathing at once. Brings about health and strength. Goes direct to the seat of your ailment and stops suffering without interfering with your work. No matter where you live, how long you have suffered, send your name, age and full description of your condition and let us prove FREE the value of Atlas treatment.

ATLAS MEDIC CO
605 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.



Calendars for 1920

Send post card with name and address for 18 of the most beautiful *Good Luck Calenders* and *Art Scenes*, just published. In colors. They sell for 15 cts. like lemonade at a circus in July. When sold, send us $1.75 or select a valuable premium from our large list. ACT QUICK!

YANKEE STUDIO. Dept. 9
2054 W. Lake St., Sta. B, Chicago, Ill.

The DAUGHTER OF DANCE HALL KATE

BY HAROLD WARD AND JOHN IRVING PEARCE, JR.

A SHOT! A FUSILLADE!

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

MIDNIGHT. The gale swept down thru the darkness and desolation of the mountains, howling, whistling, shrieking, laughing with the cold mirthless laughter of a soul gone mad. It rattled windows and tried doors. The air was filled with whirling sand-like snow, tiny atoms that stung like needles and forced all humanity to seek shelter. No moon, no stars. Nothing but the unending deep-gray mist. Here and there, wherever an obstruction offered itself, the drifts piled high. The cold was penetrating, menacing, cutting into the very marrow. But within Wildcat Kate's, at the end of the rocky street that twisted its weary way along the barren bank of Clear Creek, all was cozy and warm. The huge front room, pine-boarded within and tar-papered without, glowed with the heat and reeked with the smell that comes from roaring stoves and dozens of humans herded together without regard for sanitation or ventilation. Big kerosene lamps, their chimneys smoked and grimy, suspended from ceiling and bracketed from wall, cast a dim, yellowish radiance thru the bluish haze of tobacco smoke as they spluttered and danced with each fresh draft. Men, coatless and rough clad, with matted hair and tangled beards, capered across the floor with partners attired in tawdry finery to the rollicking strains of "Johnny Get Your Gun" played by a peg-legged fiddler and a pasty-faced youth whose cigarette wabbled listlessly from his lower lip as he languidly strove to coax the accompaniment from a battered piano of uncertain genealogy.

Thru the open door that led to the gaming room came the click of chips and the whir of the roulette wheel. Here and there, in groups of twos and threes, men stood about in idle conversation. The camp drunkard slumbered noisily on the floor in the darkest corner, his head propped against an overturned spittoon. It was too cold to turn even such as he out of doors. Around the bar the crowd was the thickest. It had been pay-day at the Mary Ann mine, and money was meant to be spent.

Wildcat Kate leaned distantly against one end of the long bar, her dark eyes surveying the scene with a cold, cynical smile of scorn, a thing apart rather than of the place which bore her name. Tall, dark, slender, with the clean complexion of the athlete, fastidiously attired, she looked the healthy normal female bred to the mansion rather than to the drabness of the dance hall. Only in her eyes one sensed the lurking devil. Behind the mask of beauty was ambushed an alien personality—a personality that gave the lie to the womanly daintiness of face and form. Miners, cowboys, plainsmen, nervy prospectors—clear-headed, quick-shooting men who boasted their fear of nothing that walked, ran, flew, or swam—jostled and crowded each other rather than brave her displeasure. Not for nothing had she earned her title. Hating the world of which she was a part, living a life as abstemious as a novitiate in her first convent, it was only on such occasions as this that she deigned to allow her followers to view her face. Men had learned by experience that it was far safer to drag a half-grown panther, snarling and snapping, from its lair than to beard the quiet lady with the slumbering eyes. And knowing, they accorded her the isolation she demanded. Hers was a personality anomalous.

The door opened. A group of strangers entered accompanied by a burst of wind and a whirl of snow. Lamps flared and swayed in the breeze, filling the room with smoky gloom before the door was closed against the weight of the storm. For a second they stood winking and blinking in the unaccustomed light, then, stamping the accumulation of snow from their overshoes, they stampeded stumblingly towards the bar-counter. The crowd present gave the visitors only a cursory glance.

Kate, her back turned towards the new-comers, shrugged her shoulders as one of them lurched against her, and with a muttered "Chekako!" wended her way towards the door which led to the gambling room. At the edge of the crowd around the dance-floor two burly ruffians were engaged in a wordy combat over the possession of a red-headed girl in a pink dress, who, standing a short distance apart with another of her kind, seemed not a whit displeased at the attention she was attracting. The Wildcat stopped for a second as she reached the group. Her eyes blazed. No word was spoken, yet the two men fell apart like boys caught by their teacher in some childish prank. The red-headed woman sought refuge in the arms of another dancing partner while Kate, the mirthless smile still lurking on her face, passed thru the open door.

One of the strangers noticing the by-play, turned to the bartender. "Looks as if the dark-eyed dame had the bunch around here buffaloed," he remarked jestingly.

The bartender, a giant of a man, frowned. "Stranger," he remarked slowly, "it ain't always safe to make remarks around here about a lady—especially when the aforesaid lady happens to be Miss Kate. Seeing you're a tenderfoot we'll forget it this time. But let it soak in.—Get me?"

The newcomer set his glass down hurriedly. "No offense m-meant, p-pardner," he stuttered apologetically.

The bartender took up his interrupted task of polishing glasses again. "When you've been here a little longer," he remarked, "you'll learn that Miss Kate's a peculiar woman. Some people's mean enough to say she runs the worst place this side of hell, but the man who says a word against Miss Kate herself has got to fight Billy Grimsey—that's me. She's 'clean,' Kate is. And I might also say that she's got a lot of friends who'll fight for her if occasion demands. Do you get the drift of my remarks?"

The newcomer nodded. "No harm done if I ask if she's always as chilly as she is tonight?"

The bartender breathed against a glass and polished it thoughtfully a second. "Stranger," he returned slowly as he held the glass up towards the light and squinted thru it carefully, "I just told you that it ain't good et-i-kate to ask too many questions regarding a woman around these here diggings. Too many questions make a high death-rate, and we're thinking of boostin' this town as a health resort. Our cemetery's located on the side of the mountain and it sure costs money for blasting powder to dig graves. Have I made my meanin' any clearer?"

The inquisitive stranger hastily gulped down his liquor and turned with his companions to the more congenial atmosphere of the dance-floor.

SINCE man first fought with club and fang for the possession of his mate, the favor of woman has ever led to strife and bloodshed. Man is naturally the most quarrelsome of domestic animals, only the strong hand of society keeping him from murder, pillage and rape. Where society is not yet banded together for mutual protection, the law of the "forty-five" today reigns until some nature, stronger than the rest, rears itself upon a throne of its own making and wields the scepter. Normal man is moral only because he fears punishment. The Wildcat knew human nature. She realized that man, like the lower animals, must have his play spells when, work and worry forgotten, he may mingle with his kind and enjoy the fruits of his labor. Hers was the only spot for many miles around where gold might be ex-

changed for the excitement of living. She ruled by fear and fear alone. Those who braved her wrath knew Clear Creek no more. Banishment by her meant ostracism. To overstep the bounds of her unwritten law meant quick retribution at the hands of her bullies. Those who survived the ordeal went on their dreary way wiser, even if not better, men.

Yet whisky works upon the human brain in varied peculiar ways. Of some men it make brutes. Of others clowns. Given a mixture of whisky and woman, and the trail leads God knows where. Had Kate remained in the dance-hall her presence would have held in check the passions of the two primitive brutes who longed for the possession of the girl with the flaming hair. Sober, they would have settled the dispute sportsman-like by the toss of a coin or the rattle of the dice. Drunk, inflamed, their animal natures roved now unchecked. A muttered word, a vile epithet, a frowning glance from bloodshot eyes—then hell broke loose! Men's hands leaped to their holsters.

A shot! A fusillade! Women screamed shrilly. Men cursed as they fought with demoniacal fierceness, tearing, striking to forge their way out of range. The red-headed girl swayed drunkenly, the laughter dying in her throat. The glass of whisky she held dropped from her hand and splashed across the face of the man who lay sprawling at her feet. Then, with a throaty, rasping gurgle, she fell limply across his body, her limbs twitching spasmodically. Thru a window, carrying sash and all with him in his mad rush, leaped the killer. With a quick drawing of guns others followed him, thru both door and window. The storm swept in thru open door and broken window, screaming, chuckling, roaring, filling the place with sooty, choking smoke and whirling snow.

From the inner room walked the Wildcat, her eyes taking in the picture with instinctive omniscience. She turned to the bartender with a questioning look. He answered her mutely with a shrug of his broad shoulders. The others cowered before her as puppies fawn before their mistress. Where a second before there had been confusion, noise, tumult, now silence reigned. Slowly the Wildcat inspected the crowd and the dingy room with its squalor and filth, her glances darting here and there, taking in every detail. Carefully she selected a cigarette from a monogramed case and tapped its end against her white palm. She lighted it with painstaking deliberation, inhaling the smoke deeply and with evident enjoyment. Then, drawing her skirt aside to avoid touching the pair huddled on the floor, she took a step towards the door that led to the other room. Billy, the bartender, broke the tension.

"Long Jake shot him, Miss Kate, and then he got her. The boys are——"

She silenced him with an imperious angry gesture. "Do you think I care what happens to such filth as Long Jake and creatures such as this?" She touched the dead woman gingerly with the toe of her slender boot. "Tell these beasts to gather up their carrion from the floor and get out. We're closed—closed for good!"

The look in big Billy's eyes was pathetic. Rough, blunt, bad as he was, love shone in the glance he cast toward his employer. "You—you don't mean that you're going to—to——?"

"Quit? Yes quit. I'm thru, Billy, I'm thru! You've been a good friend in your way. Take the place. Run it. Make money. I'll give you a deed to it tomorrow. But, thank God! I'm thru. It nauseates me—sickens me!"

"But, Miss Kate," Billy commenced appealingly, his voice quivering with emotion, "surely you ain't thinking of shaking us?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Shake you? How can I shake something to which I never belonged? I loathe it all—the people—the country! I'm going back home—home to God's country and decency, to civilization and civilized people. Now clean out the place and get out yourself—and do it quick! I want to be alone."

CHAPTER II.

A PAGE FROM THE PAST.

THE female of the species is identical the world over, under the skin. Whether she be the result of centuries of civilization, or the savage born amidst the filth and squalor of the aborignial hut, her instincts go back to the primordial. Within her slumbers the heritage handed down from the original woman—mother-love. It is the sublime instinct which links the mansion with the tepee—the instinct which softens the sorrows of life, mitigates its sadness and increases its joys. It is the mill which separates the gold of human existence from the dross. A woman may dive deep into the mire of life and puddle in the filth, quaff to the dregs the cup of human bitterness, sink, seemingly, beyond all hope of redemption and then, because of love for the infant suckling at her breast, win her way back to decency and self respect.

Kate Marsden was the product of unguided temperament. At an early age, she had been left without the restraining hand of a mother. Her father, a student of small means, forgot her existence in his books. He allowed her to grow into young womanhood practically unguided, a red-blooded restless girl, thirsty for life and yearning for affection—a girl as sensitive to impressions as a wind-harp and with an infinite capacity for loving. The inevitable happened. She met a man. The tendrils of her heart fastened blindly to him and then—the old, old story. She awoke to find only emptiness at the end of youth's golden rainbow. Bruised in spirit and body, cast off by her book-mad father, she drifted out on the sea of life, rudderless, a battered, dangerous derelict, striving to forget the past, caring naught for the future, taking existence as she found it. Then came the baby. An odd, red-faced little mass of humanity, blinking in the light, it brought to her a new sense of responsibility. Unwelcome, the very helplessness of the infant touched a strange unsuspected chord in the girl's makeup. Such is the leaven of mother-love.

Women such as Kate Marsden seldom turn immediately from wrong to right. Sudden repentances are traditional, but rarely met with in real life, and then short-lived as a rule. Yet within her breast was tugging an unknown something—a something that caused her to obey a sudden impulse and turn her back on the underworld that had so long been her home. Her disappearance failed to cause even a ripple on the slimy surface. During her sojourn at the charity hospital the few who knew her had drifted along with the stream and she had been quickly forgotten. In a smaller town she had eked out a precarious existence for a few months. But young and pretty women with babies and no wedding certificates are open to inquisitive suspicion in country communities—the smaller the town, the meaner its gossip.

DAZED, imbittered, tired of the burden of motherhood, weary of attempted reformation when a cruel world holds thumbs down, she made her first great resolution. Society, demanding that a woman who stubs her toe must always walk with a limp, should have its wish gratified. But if she must go to perdition she would go in a scientific, systematic way, taking her own methods as she slid down life's greased plankway. Her plan of campaign outlined, she tackled the proposition with the grimness born of despair. An empty stomach has no conscience, and Kate Marsden was almost a pauper, with the devil of hunger constantly gnawing at her vitals.

And the devil of hunger will brook no argument. With the small means at her command, she took her little one to a struggling inland town she selected at random from a railroad time-table. Experience having taught her that people have no charity for the woman who wears the scarlet letter on her breast, she gave out the information that she was an orphan and the baby her sister. Her youthful appearance assisted her in the falsehood. A kindly, middle-aged religious woman was found who agreed, for a small monthly stipend, to care for the little one.

Then she took the lonesome trail—a trail that ended in an Alaskan dance-hall on the banks of the frozen Clear Creek—a trail as rocky and slippery and full of bumps as the pathway that led from her back door up the mountain side. A creature of moods, her soul revolting against the life, both thru her inborn sense of decency and the tiny fingers clutching at her heart-strings, she alternated between spells of melancholia and sheer devilishness. During these latter periods she earned for herself, even in a country where wickedness is king, the sobriquet of "The Wildcat."

Yet all the years the leaven of mother-love kept working, working, bringing about a regeneration unsuspected by herself or the world. Love for the child back in God's Country became an obsession.

Later, there came fortnightly epistles in a cramped, childish hand. A photograph of a tiny girl with hair in pig-tails brought about the first great revulsion of conscience. For days she locked herself up and refused to see her most intimate cronies. She finally reconciled herself to her present lot with the thought that the gold she earned by dabbling in the off-scourings of hell was to be devoted to the care and education of her child. Later still, came the superstitious dread that the little one had possibly inherited the taint of its birth. Her letters from that time on were filled with meticulous good advice and warnings.

Fortune smiled upon her. Thru several lucky ventures she was able to lay aside a bank account. Started in saving, she became almost a miser. She

(Continued on Page 16.)

"YOU DON'T!"

The ESCAPE

by John Holden

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

IN FRONT of the Stockgrower's National Bank, Harry Cull paused to glance up and down the quiet street before entering the bank to do the work of a fellow clerk who had been discharged that morning under somewhat startling circumstances. It was evening in the little Western town. In the distance, the sky-heaped peaks of a mountain range were dissolving into the ambient blue gauze that heralds approaching night.

Cull was an ex-soldier, a well-groomed, industrious young man. That he had engaged in a particularly ferocious fist fight that morning with a man who had not gone to war was no reflection upon his gentlemanly qualities. He was about to enter the bank by means of his pass-key when the bank messenger came out.

"Seen Willard Gayde since this morning?" queried the messenger, referring to the clerk who, literally as well as figuratively, had been kicked out that morning.

"No," said Cull.

"Wonder what he's going to do for a living now?"

"Take up gambling, I suppose."

The messenger grinned. "You don't love Gayde, do you? Not that I blame you, tho. Everybody knows you are in the right. Nobody thinks you tried to get him fired so you'd get his job, like he said you did. He brought it on himself by his gambling and running with the sporting crowd."

"Just the same, I'm sorry I hit back when he hit me," said Cull. "Gayde wasn't exactly himself this morning. He acted almost like a madman."

"And he's been acting even madder all day from what I hear. Swears he's going to get you and get you right. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he gets dangerous—packs a gun or something. You'd better watch out."

"I'm watching."

"It's a rotten shame, too—Gayde's going wrong when he was so popular—leading amateur actor and all that."

"It certainly is," agreed Cull. "I used to like him once."

"He never was the same after he managed to wiggle out of the war draft. The girls got to guying him."

"Should think they would."

"Yes, he was yellow, all right. Well, so long."

"So long."

Cull entered the bank. He doffed his natty coat, donned an office jacket, snapped on a single green-shaded electric light that hung over his desk, and commenced work.

Outside, the night life of the little town burst into flame, and, as the monotonous hours dragged on, ebbed to nocturnal silence. The scratching of Cull's pen and the ponderous tick-tock of a huge wall clock were the only sounds. The darkness of the bank's interior grew in density until the cone of light flung down by Cull's single green-shaded lamp cut it as sharply as a searchlight cuts a moonless night.

The clock's hour hand had crept up toward midnight when a sudden click-click sounded and a gust of chilly night air swept in. Cull, alarmed, flashed his light doorward.

Ex-Bookkeeper Willard Gayde had entered—doubtless by means of the key he should have turned in when he left the bank's employ that morning—and, having closed the door softly behind him, now came toward Cull. There was no friendliness in his approach. His eyes were bloodshot, his big frame was tense, his long fingers were twitching.

"Well!" said Cull.

"I've come to kill you," Gayde stated with ominous calmness.

Cull laughed—and sobered quickly. Gayde evidently meant what he said; drinks, drugs and brooding over his discharge, had driven him quite mad. Cull glanced at a certain drawer in the long high desk at which he worked. Gayde glanced, too, and, with a tiger spring, beat Cull to it. He grabbed out a big shiny revolver that belonged to the bank, whipped it into Cull's face and grinned like a fiend.

"I'll give you till I count to ten before I fire," he stated, backing away. "One—two——"

Both men tensed on the same side of the bookkeeper's high desk. Between them and slightly above their heads, the green-shaded light threw down its cone of radiance.

"—three—four——"

Cull realized that words were useless. He calculated his distance from the slightly trembling pistol point, and sprang. He succeeded in grabbing Gayde's wrist. He managed to turn the pistol's point away from him. He strove desperately to keep it turned.

Back and forth the men struggled. A high stool overturned. An adding machine crashed on the floor. The green-shaded light, struck violently, pitched back and forth in a wide arc, alternately lighting the faces of the straining men and plunging them into darkness.

As instantaneous as the snapping of an overstrained cable, the madman's strength collapsed. The pistol in his hand swung around—and exploded. Gayde went as limp as wet linen, flopped on the floor like an empty sack, writhed back under the desk, twitched and groaned—and lay still.

THE horrible silence that followed was broken only by the tick-tock of the wall clock. The green-shaded light oscillated in a diminishing arc. A cloud of pungent smoke hung in the air. The silence did not last long. The front door—which evidently had failed to lock automatically after Gayde's entrance—flung open and in rushed Policeman Joe Lunn, the last man on earth that Cull, quaking and distraught as he was just then, desired to see, for Lunn had been a friend of Gayde's.

"What's wrong? Who's shooting?" Lunn cried shaply.

Cull pointed to the body under the desk. "It was an accident; the pistol went off in Gayde's hand," he stated, regaining something of his self-possession.

"The hell it did!" Lunn dived for the gun, which lay on the floor. "The bank's gun, eh? He'd not have it. You would." He ran his hand over the body. "Dead! You'll swing for this, Cull."

"I won't!" cried Cull, a bit panicky. "Gayde grabbed the gun out of the drawer. He pointed it at me and said he'd shoot after he'd counted ten——"

"Tell it to the jury. Come on! I'll lock you up first, then get the coroner." Lunn snapped handcuffs on his own and Cull's wrist, flicked out the light and left the bank.

"We'll go down the back street," Lunn went on. "Chances are folks 'd lynch you if I took you down Main street even at this late hour and they got wise to how you killed poor Gayde. That boy had a lot of friends in this town."

"Oh, I dare say the gamblers—Gayde's friends—will try to hang me," sneered Cull.

"Gamblers eh? That's what you were throwing at poor Gayde this morning when you got his job away from him, wasn't it?" Under a flickering arc-lamp that dimly lighted a long stretch of otherwise unlighted street, Officer Lunn glared at his prisoner. "As if you're anything better even if you did get a lot of credit for going soldiering. Why, you poor fish, Gayde was a better man than you ever dreamed of being. You ain't got half the sand he had. Your going along with me peaceably proves it. Any guy that had courage would crack me in the jaw—your right hand is free—unlock the cuffs with the key on my key-ring, beat it for the mountains and work his way into Canada. A real man would try that any day rather than get hung."

Cull gasped. He hadn't thought of escape. But he thought of it now! The idea sizzled in his brain as a hot horseshoe sizzles in a blacksmith's water-pail. He had taken it for granted, despite Lunn's accusation, that he would be held blameless for Gayde's death. But would he? Were not appearances against him? Especially with Lunn, the first man on the scene, so bitterly opposed to him . . . . . Yes, the key to the handcuffs was just where Lunn said it was. He might be able to topple the officer with a swing on the jaw. Appearances were against him. His fist fight with Gayde that morning—his threat to thrash Gayde again if the latter persisted in blaming him for his discharge—the fact that the death-bullet had been fired from the bank's gun . . . . .

Cull's powerful right fist, hardened and trained at army boxing classes, shot to Lunn's jaw. The result surprised him; he had not known that he possessed so terrific a punch. Lunn dropped like a log. With the policeman's key, Cull unlocked the handcuffs. He gagged his unconscious victim with his handkerchief, dragged him from the sidewalk to the shadow of a warehouse, providentially found some baling wire and with it bound Lunn's hands and feet. Then Cull walked swiftly up the high school hill and out upon the open prairie beyond in the direction of the distant mountains.

His chances of escaping to Canada were undoubtedly good. There were mountains and wild territory all the way to the border. He could make a living in the wilderness, too; the primitive manner in which he had lived during a good portion of the time he was in the army was ample preparation for it.

The army!

Cull stopped dead in his tracks. He had forgotten some things he had learned in the army, one of which was never under any circumstances to run away from anything. Come to think of it, was not his present flight cowardly. He was guiltless of murder. Appearances were against him, yes—but could he not depend upon the government he had fought for to give him a square deal? Was not flight to the protection of another flag an evidence of cowardice? For a long time he stood still, thinking. Then he turned and slowly and thoughtfully retraced his steps to town.

He dropped into a tobacco store. He was surprised to learn that no one there had heard of any unusual circumstance. Evidently the news of Gayde's death had not leaked out as yet. He continued toward the town hall and entered the office of the Chief of Police who, altho the hour was late, was still at his desk.

"Hello! Out for a stroll because the army got you into the habit of hiking?" queried that official. "It'll be a great thing for you when you get over your army habits."

"It's a good thing for you I haven't recovered from one of my army habits," said Gayde in reply, "otherwise you'd not have the man who assaulted one of your policemen under your thumb at this moment." And Cull went on to tell Chief Hennessey the story of the shooting, his arrest, escape, and resolution to turn back and face the music.

The chief pushed a button and an officer appeared.

"Sergeant, take a man release Officer Lunn," he ordered, after telling where Lunn was lying, bound and gagged. "Then enter the Stockgrower's National Bank—here's Cull's pass key—and check up on his story."

"Right, sir. I'll phone you from the bank," and the sergeant disappeared.

"Don't worry, Cull," said the chief. "You'll get a fair trial. I believe what you say. Making a jury believe it will be another thing, but even if you are hung you'll have the satisfaction of knowing you did the right thing in returning here."

"Poor satisfaction in a case like that, eh?" and Cull managed to grin.

PRESENTLY the 'phone rang, startling Cull with its sudden clarion call. The chief answered.

"What?" he roared and sprang to his feet. "Then get to Gayde's apartment—quick! Take your man. I'll send others to the station." He shouted a summons to two other reserve policemen and gave them short, snappy orders.

"Now we'll see what we'll see," he said, and, breathing heavily, sat down to await developments.

"What is it?" questioned Cull. "What's happened?"

"You'll see in a minute—something that'll make you bless to your dying day the decision that brought you back to town instead of trying to escape—or even escaping scott free to Canada."

Presently heavy footsteps sounded in the hall. The door to the chief's office flung open. And, in the grip of two officers, like cringing dogs, were Policeman Joe Lunn—and Ex-Bookkeeper Willard Gayde!

"He isn't shot—isn't harmed at all!" gasped Cull, gazing at the man he thought was dead. "What's the explanation?"

"Take a look at this and perhaps you can guess," and Chief Hennessey indicated a satchel, filled with bank notes, which one of the men had placed on his desk.

"I'll be hanged if I can guess," said Cull. "What's it all mean?"

"Gayde was our best amateur actor

Back and Forth the Men Struggled.

once," said the chief. "He only pretended he was shot. When the pistol exploded the bullet went over his shoulder. He did it all purposely to scare you. His fellow-plotter, Lunn, here, scared you still more and encouraged you to attempt an escape. They wanted you to run away to Canada so that, when you did not appear tomorrow, the bank officials would blame you for the disappearance of the fifty or sixty thousand dollars they had taken from the bank's vault yesterday and put in that satchel there."

Being Vindictive.

"I DECLARE," said Mrs. Spinney, indignantly, as she sank into her neighbor's porch rocker and fanned herself rapidly; "I declare, I never thought I could be so tarnation mean. I'm downright ashamed of myself, but it would have made a saint mad."

"Mean?" cried Mrs. Beck. "You? Why, Sarah Spinney, if you caught a spider in your kitchen you'd kill it gently. I haven't seen you since you got back from your vacation, but I don't believe you know how to be mean."

"I said mean, and I mean mean," said Mrs. Spinney, rocking vigorously. "It was that Jenny Bicket. My, my!"

"Jenny Bicket, that you invited to stay with you because she was all worn out teaching in that private school? That meek, pale little thing? You don't tell me you were mean to her, Sarah?"

"I was so," affirmed her friend. "I invited her to the beach, tho I had to put her on a cot in the living-room; and I thought she'd appreciate the change and rest. Well, she did, I guess; but you never saw such a slack woman in your life. You wouldn't believe! She would make her bed in the mornings, but 'twas all she would do. Then she would take her book and knitting and go down on the beach, and there she would stay until dinner was on the table."

"You mean to tell me she didn't help with the work?" gasped the neighbor.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Spinney. "Oh, the first couple of days she came out and wanted to help cook, but she burnt a batch of battercakes something scandalous, and I just told her I thought 'twas best if I did the cooking. I thought afterward that I had spoken kind of mean; but land, if you'd seen those cakes! Well, she never touched a skillet after that; and finally I got so I wouldn't even call her to meals. No, I wouldn't. I sent Johnny after her."

"Why, Sarah!"

"Yes, I did. And the first day, when she tried to do the dishes, she left 'em so greasy, and never washed out the sink, so I just up and said I guessed I could do 'em quicker than she could. I was that short with her! She flounced out of the kitchen mighty quick; but I wasn't sorry—then. I am now, tho. I get to thinking how mean I was, and I wonder if I'm getting cranky.

"Well, after a while, she would come out, with the floor just black, and say: 'Is there anything I can do?' Well, you know yourself, if a grown woman, in a house, can't see for herself what there is to do, it's no use telling her. I couldn't order her around like a child, so I just said: 'Why no, nothing I can think of,' and out she'd go with her old book and read. My land, I used to get so mad, watching her there on the couch on rainy days, and me scrubbing the floor!"

"I don't wonder," sympathized her friend.

"Well," Mrs. Spinney went on, "she came down on wash day and asked to help. I wouldn't have had her in my tub, I can tell you, so I just told her to put her little bit o' washing in with mine, and I would do it. She did, too. And the worst of it was that such treatment never seemed to get under her skin. She just went calmly on.

"Well, when it came time for her to leave, do you suppose she said anything about paying for her share o' what we ate? No, she just up and went back home, and when she got there she wrote, she did, and asked us to set a sum. Now, you know, Elvira, if she couldn't come to a settlement right there, when we were face to face, I certainly wasn't going to humor her by writing her and setting a sum. No, siree; the incident was closed. 'Twas mean of me, but I never did answer her letter."

"I don't blame you," said her neighbor indignantly.

"Well, you know, Elvira, I was good and mad for a spell; but I got to thinking afterward I hadn't acted real Christian. I don't know but I ought to make it up to her somehow. Mr. Spinney said 'twas as much my fault as hers, and perhaps he's right. She's up there in that boarding-house week in, week out. I believe I ought to have her down here some Sunday for dinner. I hate to leave any hard feelings between me and anybody. And, having so decided, I feel lots better."

And with a benevolent smile Mrs. Spinney rose and departed.

Insinuation.

Haberdasher—"And will one collar be sufficient, madam?"

Mrs. Higgins—"Do you insinervate [illegible] man, as I 'ave more than one

One Thousand Dollars an Inch

By Charles K. Theobold

[Copyright by Short Story Pub. Co.]

ALDERMAN SMARTLEY of the Fourth, political boss, schemer and grafter—and the erstwhile only baker in Blankly—hated A. B. Blackstone and everybody connected, directly or indirectly, with A. B. Blackstone's bakery. It was not in Aleck Smartley's grasping, selfish nature to do otherwise. For twelve years he had monopolized the business, succeeding by various crooked ways in suppressing competition, until A. B. Blackstone entered the field. That was a severe blow to Alderman Smartley. He was still nursing the sore spot.

Four years ago, when he first learned that Blackstone was contemplating coming to town to open a rival shop, Smartley had quickly gotten busy and established a second bakery. He reasoned that his threatening competitor when he should come to Blankly to size up the situation, would likely consider the population too small to support a third shop.

This subsidiary bakeshop of Alderman Smartley's had been conducted under the name of Carl Holtzner, a good-natured little Dutchman, and, at that time, Smartley's head baker.

Smartley had taken the greatest pains to deceive the public into the belief that he had no connection whatsoever with the new business. He had even succeeded for a time in keeping Holtzner in ignorance of his real purpose.

And Carl Holtzner, who was never so happy himself as when he was doing somebody else a favor, had managed "the branch" in every particular the same as tho it were his own, collecting all bills, paying all debts—

"There Der Bill Is for Cutting the Wall Off."

and with Smartley's bank account in his own name. But, somehow, he finally learned of his employer's knavery, and then he decided he would do Mr. Blackstone a favor.

So it happened that, six months later, when Alderman Smartley of the Fourth returned from New York—whither he had gone to buy a new fire engine for the city, and incidentally to pick up a little "side money" on the deal—he found that Carl Holtzner had sold "the branch" to Blackstone, and had taken himself and his "old mudder" back to Holland.

Thus had Smartley planned his own undoing and lost his subsidiary bakery, for, should he take the matter into court, he must expose his own knavery and become amenable to the law for violating the anti-trust statute. Hence it is easy to understand why he had sworn and was still swearing vengeance against A. B. Blackstone, and A. B. Blackstone's business.

But he was merely biding his time, this Aleck Smartley, awaiting a fitting opportunity to "get even" as the saying goes, for it was not in his unforgiving nature to submit quietly to defeat—even tho he had planned it himself. He was resting after the first round, that was all; for, altho four years had passed now since the fight began, he had never conceded this Blackstone fellow—or any other competitor, for matter of that—the right to earn a living selling bread and pies in Blankly.

Nevertheless, those had been four years of prosperity for the Blackstone Bakery. The impetus that Carl Holtzner had imparted to the business, when he first put "Carl's Honest Bread" on the market, gained force with Blackstone's succession to the modest little shop on Clay street. In fact, the extent of the business surpassed its proprietor's fondest expectations, and he was now planning to build a modern cracker factory uptown.

After much persuasion, Holtzner had been induced to leave his "old mudder" in Holland and return to Blankly. That was two years ago. Blackstone needed him to superintend his pastry department, and considered himself the luckiest man in town when he got him; for Holtzner knew the business from doughnuts to wedding cakes—besides, he was honest. Which does not mean to imply that most bakers are thieves.

As fate would have it, the only building site for the factory Blackstone could find that might suit his purpose was a piece of ground abutting a half-acre lot of Aleck Smartley's. The lot was not as large as Blackstone would have preferred it, so he enlisted the services of a friend to negotiate with Smartley for the property. To approach the enemy in person with such a proposition would be useless, he knew full well. Blackstone

IN DUE course of time the plans were made, the contract let, and work on the cracker factory begun. The walls were scarcely a foot above ground, when a notion, that had been gradually and creepingly gathering in Aleck Smartley's perverse brain, took permanent shape. He paid his architect a visit, and they went together to the lot adjoining Blackstone's, where the architect got busy surveying Smartley's half-lot.

The architect seemed to have trouble with his front line, for, during the course of his work, he made a second and then a third measurement of the width of the lot; after each operation he consulted seriously with Smartley.

Whatever the result of these consultations, Smartley was evidently well pleased, for he left the place with a look of supreme satisfaction in his face, and even smiled and bowed pleasantly to Blackstone as he passed him down the street.

Early the following morning the city engineer came with his instruments and his helper, and he, too, made a survey of Smartley's lot; but he measured its width only, from the abutting wall of Blackstone's to the boundary stakes on the vacant lot.

Blackstone crossed leisurely over from the noise and bustle of his rapidly rising cracker factory and inquired tentatively: "Mr. Smartley figuring on selling his lot, Mr. Watson?"

"No, I think not. Told me he is going to build a cracker factory here." Then the city engineer looked at Blackstone almost pityingly. "Mr. Blackstone," he said, "I'd hate to have a man despise me as Alderman Smartley does you—I certainly should."

Blackstone shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of unconcern. "You'd get used to it, Mr. Watson. When is he going to build?"

"Right away, I take it. Said he gave Architect Hansen orders to make plans and specifications for a four-story brick.

So Smartley was going to build a competitive factory! That was why he wouldn't sell the lot! Blackstone smiled grimly. He might have known it. Well, at any rate, he couldn't prevent it, and if Smartley must renew the fight, why let him.

After that not a day passed that Alderman Smartley's evening walk did not take him in the vicinity of his vacant lot. But to have observed him closely, one would have said that his interest lay in the building of Blackstone's factory rather than in his own adjoining lot, for as the walls grew higher daily Smartley's crafty smile grew correspondingly wider. On the evening of his promenade when he observed that the roof of the building was about completed, he stuck a black cigar skyward between his teeth and made straight downtown for Blackstone's bakery.

Carl Holtzner, his chair tilted at a comfortable angle near the door of the bakery, was enjoying his evening pipe in the open air.

"Pleasant evening, Carl. How's business?"

Holtzner looked the surprise he felt that Alderman Smartley should condescend to speak to him at all, much less in so civil a manner.

"Business all der time gets better, Mr. Schmartley," Holtzner answered. "You doing purty good, too, ain't it?"

"Fairly well, yes. I called to see Mr. Blackstone on a little matter; is he in?"

"He goes yesterday to Chicago to buy for der factory some machineries," Holtzner explained, vaguely wondering what business matters Alderman Smartley could have with his employer. "But maybe I could do, Mr. Schmartley," he suggested.

"Maybe you can, Carl," Smartley returned, with another of his cunning smiles, as he carelessly flicked the ash from his cigar. "It is only a small matter—merely a matter of an inch that Mr. Blackstone's factory occupies on my lot. Please inform him that I need the ground; my proposed building is planned to take the space."

Smartley was half a block up the walk before Holtzner realized the full significance of what he had heard—he was never a rapid thinker. He tossed his apron inside the door, jammed his smoulderng pipe in a rear pocket, and raced up the walk, bareheaded, in pursuit.

"Mr. Schmartley!" he cried, when he finally caught up with that elated person at the end of the block, "you didn't mean it, do you?—der factory one inch is on der top of your lot already? And Mr. Blackstone must got to move it? How a three-story brick house he can do dot? It is impossible!" Here Holtzner scratched the back of his head thoughtfully. "Mr. Blackstone maybe buys one inch from your lot, Mr. Schmartley," he suggested.

"Your employer hasn't got money enough to buy an inch of that ground; he has my ultimatum on that point. And as to moving the building, ask me something easier. I am not well enough versed along that line to suggest a plan; but moved it must be—and ground-rent paid until it is moved." With which Alderman Smartley of the Fourth struck a match on the heel of his shoe, calmly lit another cigar, then turned on his heel and resumed his interrupted walk.

HOLTZNER returned to the bakery the picture of despair. This turn of affairs worried him more, perhaps, than it would have disturbed Mr. Blackstone himself. He recalled now having seen

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Gob and the Gobbler

by WILL GAGE CAREY

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

LARRY TAYLOR lived back of the power-house on the outskirts of Emeryburg—which little burg is situated on an unpretentious line of railroad in the quite pretentious State of Texas. There Larry lived with one busy young wife, and three still busier young tow-headed Taylors, ranging along in years from four to about eight.

For a number of years he had led rather a quiet, peaceful sort of suppressed existence, making a meager living for himself, wife and the aforesaid tow-heads by working as brakeman on the "accomodation" freight train which left Emeryburg daily (except Sunday) for the junction point on the main line, returning the same day—if it was lucky.

When war came and the call went forth for the country's manhood to rally in support of the colors, Larry Taylor heard—and responded. Of course, he might have claimed exemption, because of the little brood he was taking care of; but they had saved up a little money, despite the smallness of Larry's salary—enough to tide them over, possibly, until his return; so Larry Taylor enlisted in the Navy.

Of his adventures there, this story has no part; rather, it has to do with the battle which the young "gob" took up when reaching home again after his honorable discharge; the ever-present fight to get a strangle hold on old H. C. L., and make a small salary spread over a large array of bills.

So, Larry went back braking on Nos. 37 and 38, cheerfully wrestling with heavy freight and the daily grind (except Sunday) of looking after multitudinous cold couplings and "hot boxes." And Molly, the brave little wife, did her part without complaint, making and mending over clothes for the tow-heads, and seeing to it that they—and her Larry—got all that was coming to them, in so far as her adroit planning and constant energy could provide. But it was hard picking; if she did not wear any medals on her breast, it was not because she did not earn them!

One morning—it was along toward the end of November, and but a few days before Thanksgiving—Larry was just starting for his train, when he stopped and went back for a little heart-to-heart talk with his wife.

"'Molly," he said earnestly, "I'd hoped that I could buy a turkey on this trip: One of old man Gobel's—but I'm afraid now it can't be done. Of course, you and I understand how things are; we can get along without much of a Thanksgiving this year; but—but I was thinking of the kids! They hear other children telling about turkey dinner; and it hurts me to think our kids can't have——"

"They're already talking of Thanksgiving, Larry," Molly broke in, solemnly.

"Sure; they're next all right; but to save me, I can't figure out how next Thursday's gonna be anything except just Thursday—for the Taylors, this year, tho I'd hoped——"

"Wait a moment!" Molly interrupted. She turned hurriedly, and went back inside the house, leaving Larry on the front porch, wondering.

The train from Emeryburg to the junction traversed a rich agricultural district. At several places, on either side of the track, were fields of growing Bermuda onions hundreds of acres in extent. Now, of course, the onions had all been harvested—but another wonderful crop was just coming on—turkeys!

The richest rancher along the line resided at Tate Station. His name was Gustave Gobel; and his specialty was fine turkeys. He raised turkeys—thousands of 'em—loved turkeys, knew turkeys; knew them like a Kentucky horseman knows the best strains of pedigreed stock. And the Gobel turkeys were recognized as the best the market could produce; they were in a class by themselves, exclusive and distinct. The birds themselves seemed to realize that they were of the celebrated Gobel strain; and held up their red-heads still higher on that account. It is said of them that they never resorted to the common turkey parlance of "gobble-gobble-gobble!" Instead, they one and all called out exultantly "Gobel-gobel-gobel!" This may be but an exaggeration; but there is no gain-saying the fact that the Gobel turks were the Class A A of the turkey league.

It was one of these feathered aristocrats that Larry Taylor had planned to provide for his family; but when it came to raising the wherewithal, he found that he was wholly unable to make the grade.

Molly came back out on the porch. She had a long yellow envelope in her hand. "Larry," she said, "here's five dollars I've had hidden away, saving it for an emergency; looks like now's the time to use it." She drew a crisp bill from the envelope, fondled it tenderly, then replaced it, and handed the envelope to Larry. "Maybe Gobel, knowing you so well, will give you some reduction on a nice turkey——"

"No chance, Molly!" her husband hastened to assure her. "From all I hear of him, he cares no more for a dollar than he does for his right arm! This five-spot will just about pry one turk away from him——"

"Use it then; and pick out a nice big one!"

Behind her, three young Taylors listened with round-eyed interest; and Betty, the eldest explained to the other two: "Gee, we're gonna have turkey for Thanksgiving—a reg-lar turkey—whee-ee!"

Larry glanced at his watch, then hurried away.

Half way to the junction that morning, a traveling salesman, as he alighted from the caboose at a small station, handed the courteous young brakeman a good cigar. The train started on. As usual, one of the boxes up toward the head-end was showing symptoms of running hot. Larry was thinking of this as he fumbled thru his clothes for a match to light his cigar. He decided he would look at the box, and pack it at the next stop. He did not find a match. Instead he took a long envelope from his pocket, rolled it up, stuck the end of it in the stove, and from the resultant blaze lighted his cigar, and settled back for a comfortable smoke.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"Holy mackerel!" he gasped, "I've lighted this snipe with Molly's five-dollar bill!"

HERE was tragic catastrophy.

It was so utterly careless of him; and yet it was not so hard to understand how he made the dreadful mistake after all. He had never been accustomed to carrying money in an envelope, and this particular one had been in his possession but a short time; and he had frequently obtained a light from the stove in the caboose by means of some stray bit of paper taken from his pocket. Had he not been wholly absorbed in thinking of the hot-box up ahead the blunder never could have happened, he kept reflecting; but the thought gave him little comfort or satisfaction. There was ever a picture flashing before his eyes: the three little tow-heads, their faces lighted with the anticipation of the turkey dinner promised them! And now—He groaned inwardly as he thought of them; and what possible thing could he say to Molly in attempting to explain his absurd blunder? It would have been bad enough had he merely lost the envelope containing the five dollars from his coat pocket; but, at a time when they were in such dire need of money, to calmly and placidly burn it up—that was the limit!

Because of the hot-box, No. 37 rolled into the junction considerably late; but by this No. 37 was merely running true to form. The incidents of the trip were a mere blank in Larry's mind; he could think of but one thing. He felt that it was terrible enough to bitterly disappoint a grown-up person—but when it came to little children, who looked to him with hopeful, abiding faith—well, the more he thought of what he'd done, the worse he felt.

On the return trip, No. 38 had passed a short way thru Tate Station, when the train slowed down and came to a stop. Something was wrong with the engine. Larry got out. He could see the fat "hog-head" up ahead reaching in thru the driving wheels, a large wrench in his hand, his usually jovial countenance now registering perturbation and annoyance. For want of something better to do, Larry strolled up toward the stalled engine; then, deciding that neither he nor the engineer was in the mood for cordial conversation, the brakeman started back again toward the caboose, after indolently watching the man at work with the wrench for a period of something like five minutes.

Suddenly he stopped short, and stood rigidly in his tracks!

Back near the caboose was a freight-car in which at no distant time wheat had been shipped. The side door was open. At the very instant Larry had looked up, he saw something fly from the ground up into the car. It was one of Gobel's turkeys!

Larry made a sudden dart for the door, rolled it shut and locked it.

"Welcome to our city!" he called thru the cracks to the captive turk; then he added, still fervidly exultant: "'A fool for luck'—and I've got a double show!"

Ten minutes later, when the train was again rumbling on down toward Emeryburg, Larry Taylor sat in the cupola gazing out upon the constantly changing scene. Well, he had his turkey; and yet, somehow, his mind was by no means as serene and content as might be supposed, all things considered. He tried to argue with himself that old man Gobel had thousands of turkeys; and that by merely closing the door of the grain-car, he (Larry) had really not committed a theft. In the first place, the turkey in question was undoubtedly trespassing. It had no business in the car at all; except that the bird made it his business to fly in there, to gorge on the wheat scattered upon the floor. "If Gobel don't want his turks carried off," Larry mused to himself, "he'd better train 'em to keep out of our cars!" This seemed like logical reasoning; and yet, somehow, the brakeman could not succeed in kidding his own conscience into a belief that everything pertaining to that captive bird up ahead was strictly on the up-and-up.

Arriving in Emeryburg, there was a half hour's work of unloading cars, and switching and shunting the empties. Then Larry walked over to where Molly and the three little Taylors were patiently awaiting him.

The oldest tow-head was the first to greet him. "Daddy—where's that turkey?"

He kissed Molly; then stooped over and picked up the youngest of his offspring.

"Want to see the turk, hey?" he said, jovially. "Well, we'll all walk down to the car there on the siding—and take a slant at him!"

He was feeling somewhat better now, regarding that little incident back just this side of Tate Station. How could he have ever faced that little expectant group on the depot platform—if that bird of Gobel's had not been caught trespassing upon railroad property!

Laughing and chatting they made their way to the car. "Now, Molly," said Larry, "you can have the first look in." He put the youngster down; then he helped his wife climb up the side of the car. He unlocked the door, and shoved it back cautiously, so that some light could get in, and the turkey not get out. "There you are, Molly," he exclaimed. "What do you think of him?"

For a moment his wife looked within the car. A sudden change came over her face. Larry noticed her strange expression. A sudden sinking seized his heart.

"Molly—Molly, ain't he there?" he gasped, with a new foreboding. "Can't you see a turkey in there, Molly?"

She stood looking within for a full minute before she replied; then she answered, in a strange tone:

"There's a turkey in there, Larry; in fact, there are fifteen turkeys!"

"FIFTEEN!"

Larry gasped the one word, then stood in dumbfounded amazement. Molly climbed down. The tow-heads yipped cheerfully, as Betty explained the situation: "We're gonna have fifteen turkeys for Thanksgiving—whee-ee!"

Molly turned sharply upon her dazed and discomfited husband. "I counted 'em twice," she exclaimed, a growing disquietude seizing upon her. "Now, what does all this mean?" Larry climbed up and peeked thru the door. "It means," he answered finally—"I'm ruined!"

Gradually, then, the light of understanding dawned upon him. The flock of turkeys had flown into the car in search for grain while the train was stalled near Tate Station. Returning from the engine, he had glanced up just in time to see the last one, as it flew in.

"Well—what's the answer?" persisted his perplexed wife. "Have you gone into the turkey business? Which of those birds did you buy with my five dollars? Or did you buy 'em all——"

"Wait a minute—wait a minute!" Larry broke in, desperately. He removed his hat, to allow the breeze to cool his brow; also he was playing for time. "Molly—I've got—I've got some-

"Holy Mackerel!" He Gasped, "I've Lighted This Smoke With Molly's Five-dollar Bill!"

thing to tell you; a little something to explain——"

"I'll say you have!"

Her tone and manner did not lessen his mental burden to any extent. However, he began: "Molly—what I've done was with the hope of saving you worry, and to keep the children from being disappointed——"

"Larry—what do you mean?"

"Listen, Molly——" And then he told her all; how by accident he burned the bill; how he had hoped to save the situation by shutting up in the grain car the lone turk which it seemed Providence had sent directly to him; and how the other fourteen birds—which he knew nothing of at the time—had gummed up the play by coming to Emeryburg along with their kidnaped comrade!

And then, when he finished the mournful recital, instead of raising an awful fuss and row, she simply said: "Larry—I'm sorry; but it can't be helped now. The children have been talking all day about that Thanksgiving dinner. Well—what now?"

Larry put his arm around her. "Molly, he said, "'most any woman—but you—would have taken on something fierce, and tied into me good and plenty. I admit I made a bonehead play, and I'm sorry; but that don't bring us any turkey and cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving. I have a 'panning' due me, all right——"

"What's the use?" she broke in, trying to smile; then she added: "The thing for us to do now is to see about returning Gobel's property."

"You're right."

"Will you take them back with you in the morning?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I've arranged to be off the run until after Thursday."

"How will you get the turkeys back to Tate Station?"

"I'll ship 'em back by express—tonight."

"How will you explain things to Gustave Gobel?"

By the way of reply Larry took a pencil and paper and wrote to the owner of the turkeys, merely stating that the birds had flown into the grain car while the train stopped near Tate Station; that the door of the car had evidently rolled shut (true enough, tho it rolled with a certain assistance to which reference was omitted) and that the flock was discovered only after the train arrived in Emeryburg. He closed by stating that the turkeys would arrive at Tate Station by the night express, and that there would be no transportation charges either way. He signed his name, and placed the missive in a "railway business" envelope.

Thirty minutes later the fifteen captives, in three large coops, were loaded into the express car, about to leave for the junction.

Every detail of these last ceremonial rites was followed silently by the tow-heads, tho they viewed proceedings with ever-increasing dismay. Betty, with an effort, kept back the tears, feeling that to give vent to her emotions would hardly be in keeping with the dignity of her years; but she murmured dolefully: "They're gonna send 'em away—all fifteen of 'em!"

The two younger children displayed none of Betty's reticence about giving way to emotional eruption. They felt absolutely no restriction in such regard. Consequently, they turned loose a series of weird wailings, rendered continuous and tumultous by united and painstaking endeavor.

They were grieved; they would tell the world so!

IT WAS about an hour after the sudden departure of a particularly fine flock of turkeys that Gustave Gobel discovered his loss—and he was, perhaps, the maddest man in the county. Later that same evening when he received Larry's letter, and the three coops of turks he was, perhaps, the most astonished man in the State of Texas.

Now, Gustave Gobel, no doubt because he conducted his affairs in a business-like and successful fashion, was looked upon by many as something of a tight-wad, devoid of sentiment and emotion, and with but one idea and mission in life—to make money. Well, Gustave had a wise old head, no doubt of that. Be assured he never burned up any five-dollar bills, and he never scattered his coin in a noticeably conspicuous manner. But, at that, many people had him down wrong, all wrong.

On the day before Thanksgiving, a substitute brakeman made the round trip on Nos. 37 and 38, Larry having obtained permission to lay off, to look after some needed repairs on the roof of his house. When the "accomodation" returned to Emeryburg that night, it brought one item of freight wholly unexpected by the consignee: a coop containing an enormous turkey, which bore the inscription:

"Larry Taylor—compliments Gustave Gobel."

As tho that in itself were not enough to raise the two older and the three younger Taylors to realms of happiness, there was a letter as well, addressed to Larry. It read, in part:

" . . . I will add further at this time, that I have had my eye on you since before you went away to fight for your country. Your honesty in returning to me my prize turkeys, bears out the opinion I had already formed of you. I need a manager for a branch house I am opening in San Antonio. The place, I believe, is just about your size. Will you take the job?

"If interested, stop over at Tate Station some day soon, and we'll go into the proposition more fully.

"Yours, respectfully,

"GUSTAVE GOBEL."

Larry threw his battered hat in the air, kissed Molly, and then danced around with the tow-heads clasped in his arms. Would he "take the job"—well, well!

Late that night, when the youngsters, happy and contented were tucked away in bed, the parents sat in the glow of the open fire-place, talking of things in general.

"Larry," Molly began after a pause, "no matter if there had of been but one turkey in that car, of course, you'd have sent it back to Gustave Gobel—wouldn't you, Larry?"

Her husband slowly stroked his chin, as he sometimes did when slightly in doubt. Then he drew her closer to him, as he answered:

"Well, Molly—of course I'd have sent that turkey back——"

"I know you would have, Larry——"

"Oh, sure; still, all things considered, it may be just as well that there were fifteen of that turk—instead of one!"

The Golden Vagabond

By Edwin Baird

What Has Gone Before

DANIEL FITZHUGH, a tramp, seeking to avoid the clutches of a detective, stopped in front of a limousine and barely escaped injury. The car came to a halt just as the detective collared him, but one of its occupants,

KATHLEEN STERRETT, with whose beauty he fell in love, saved him from arrest and gave him a dollar to get a bath and shave. Later he was caught in a street jam of unemployed and so met

ESTHER STROM, a radical leader and talker, who influenced him to talk before an audience of unemployed in Smulski's Hall. He met there the blond Russian,

STRUNSKI, a "comrade" of Esther's. After talking, he left the hall and encountered a drunken fop from whom he acquired — honestly — a pearl-handled revolver, which he later exchanged for a decent suit of clothes. Then, with a newspaper bundle under his arms, he visited the home of

SYMINGTON OTIS, Chicago millionaire, who offered him a $10,000 check to get rid of him. Daniel, however, destroyed the check by tearing it up, and five minutes later encountered in the hallway no one other than Miss Sterrett, who proved to be Otis' niece. Then he left, only to be apprehended later and put in jail as a lunatic. He is given the alternative by his lawyer of pleading insane or going to the penitentiary.

This story began in No. 46, the Ledger for Nov. 15. Back copies may be obtained from this office, our agents or newsdealers.

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAW'S HURRY.

DANIEL had become a typical yellow journal sensation, and, in a way, a hero in the eyes of the multitude; and when the day of his trial came, so strong is the power of advertising, the courtroom could not accommodate half of the crowd which wanted admittance.

Not at all unmindful that hundreds of eyes watched his every movement, he walked to his seat with all the majesty his inches lent him, and sat down in thoro good spirits with himself and the world. Yet as he looked from face to face his obvious joviality gave way to a rather thoughtful expression. Seated beside her uncle, he saw Kathleen Sterrett, and presently, near the rear of the room, Esther Strom. He could not but remark the difference between the two—Esther, plainly dressed in some cheap black material, tremblingly alive to all that passed and with eyes only for him, and Kathleen, fashionably gowned, beautiful, self-possessed, who never once glanced in his direction.

He began visioning the future, enjoying to the full the ecstasy of it, seeing himself as he would be when——

An usher of the court calling his case awoke him from his reverie. The low buzz of whispering ceased. An expectant hush fell upon the courtroom.

The first witness called was Symington Otis. There was a certain grimness in his mien as he took the witness stand which augured no good, and from the beginning it was evident he was resolved to make the case against the defendant as black as possible. His testimony, which grossly exaggerated the facts, was extremely damaging to Daniel, whose lawyer was on his feet every minute, objecting to the prosecuting attorney's questions. Merton realized fully the value of the notoriety this case would bring him and had taken especial pains with it; when the witness left the stand he whispered confidently to his client: "Don't worry, old man. We'll win. I won't get you an acquittal, but I'll get you what you want."

The next witness was an insanity expert, so-called. He was a good witness for the defense, as Merton knew he would be. He, too, appreciated the value of the publicity that would accrue to him, and was glad to parade his professional knowledge. Under Merton's adroit questioning he talked very learnedly and polysyllabically upon diseases of the brain. In substance, he testified that Daniel was suffering from a slight, tho not inconsequential, mental disorder and was in need of immediate medical aid.

Kathleen Sterrett then entered the witness-box. Daniel watched her as she came down the aisle and passed within a few feet of him. What would she say? he asked himself. Would she support her uncle's allegations? Or would she——

The prosecuting attorney was cross-examining her. She seemed nervous, embarrassed, ill at ease, answered his questions reluctantly or evaded them. But when Merton took her there was no longer any doubt about her bent. Tho she still looked down and spoke in a low voice, she talked freely and firmly. She said that the prisoner, whom she understood was named Randolph Fitz, had not impressed her, during the short conversation she had with him, as being either dangerous or desperate; that his mind had seemed clouded; that when he spoke to her in the hall he had acted like a man in a dream; that he had not appeared to realize what he was doing or saying. As it became clear how she wished to testify, Otis leaned forward, slowly stroking his crisp little white mustache. His face expressed, first, a pained surprise; then displeasure, and finally anger; but before she had finished a mask was drawn over his features, and what he was thinking none could tell.

When the girl left the box her cheeks were scarlet. Tho she had not once glanced at the man for whom she had partially falsified, Daniel knew what it must have cost her; knew that she had done it for his sake, and wondered why. He could not fathom the reason, but the effort made him happy.

The case came to a speedy end. The prisoner was adjudged insane and committed to the Dunning Insane Asylum until declared cured. Two stalwart officers, neither of whom was as muscular as he, escorted him to the street. Here a crowd waited to catch a glimpse of him. The van that was to convey him to Dunning had not yet arrived, and his guardsmen paused at the top of the steps. The delay afforded him opportunity to survey the scene below. From the steps to the curb policemen had pushed the crowd back, and on either side of this human lane was leveled a battery of cameras to "snap" him as he passed.

As he looked out upon this gathering, prompted solely by morbidity, the thought flashed into his mind that some day he would be the cynosure of throngs ten dozen times as large, and that they would be actuated by quite different motives.

Sweeping his eyes up and down the street, he perceived a motor car standing at the corner, and the next moment saw Kathleen Sterrett and her uncle enter it. As it passed within thirty feet of him the girl looked up and, for the first time that day, her eyes met his. And a flash of understanding passed between them.

A short way behind him, and until then unobserved by him, stood Esther Strom. Catching sight of her, he smiled boyishly and held out his hand. He had grown suddenly very happy.

"Well, Esther, I——"

"Don't touch me!" she warned him, and drew farther away. "Don't touch me!"

He saw her eyes were blazing, that her lip trembled, and then saw something that perturbed and surprised him still more. At her back stood the Russian giant, Strunski, and upon his pimply face was an unmistakable expression of sullen hatred. But before he could voice his perplexity, the patrol wagon backed against the curb; a policeman swung down from the rear step; others pressed the crowd back, and he was hustled down the stairs and across the sidewalk, while the cameras clicked and the mob stared.

CHAPTER IX.

UNFETTERED.

UPON Daniel's arrival at Dunning the first thing that impressed him was the air of peace and tranquility that pervaded the place; but this impression, like most first impressions, was speedily dispelled. It was a sunny day, unusually warm and languorous for a Chicago April, and many of the inmates were in their open-air quarters. It was not a pretty sight. On either side of the long brick building in which they were incarcerated extended tiers of verandas enclosed and subdiyided by heavy steel grating, and in these "cages," for all the world like the summer quarters in the Zoo, the unfortunates paced ever back and forth like animals in captivity.

A profound calm hung lazily over the grounds, and Daniel was thinking the large, silent building for which he was bound was more like a monastery than a madhouse, when suddenly there rang out upon the brooding stillness a peal of laughter more demoniacal than human. As tho this were the cue for certain of the others, the quietude was harshly disrupted with shrieks of terrible mirth.

As he neared the main ward with his custodian he saw other pathetic sights which did not strengthen his first impression. In one of the enclosures on the west side of the building a woman stood clutching the steel barrier and, in a sing-song voice, chanted a paean to the setting sun. In the same enclosure another woman, with snarled and tangled hair falling like black ropes about her shoulders, trotted to and fro, and ever and anon she would stop, fall on hands and knees, and turn a somersault. Over and over again, with horrible monotony, this was repeated, and at the end of each performance she would stand erect, throw up both hands, and emit a harsh mockery of a laugh. The awful pathos of these and other sights even worse struck home to Daniel with redoubled force when he reflected that he was soon to be classed as a compeer of those poor, demented creatures.

He was taken to the superintende[illegible] office, and there, questioned about [illegible] family, gave the same fictitious re[illegible] that had satisfied the police. Nex[illegible] was examined by a physician. It [illegible] the second time he had enacted the p[illegible] of a lunatic, and his personation must have been done with some success, for his "disease" was diagnosed, and he was classified and assigned to a ward. After the customary routine of bathing and donning the regulation garb, he had leisure to sit down and plan his escape.

While entering the grounds he had kept his eyes open, with the result that he had a rough mental picture of the place's topography; and after the first night he was positive he would be free before the dawn of another day. It was not very reposeful, that first night. It was punctuated by shrieks and screams of mirthless laughter, and he lay awake for hours, every second of them fraught with an anticipation of the sounds that were more appalling than the sounds themselves. But this wakefulness, if harrowing, gave him opportunity to study his surroundings. A long room, quite bare save for some thirty cots, formed his sleeping chamber, at either end of which were four windows, always open for ventilation.

During the night he left his cot, and stealing noiselessly in his bare feet to one of the windows, found it was scarcely more than a fifteen-foot drop to the ground. Behind him in the long room twenty-nine feeble-minded men slept soundly; below him was the ground; the window was open. What was to prevent him from escaping here and now? But he turned and crept back to his cot.

He lay awake until broad daylight, hoping the next night would be a cloudy one, listening to the unearthly sounds that came at intervals from the violent wards—and thinking, thinking. He thought mostly of the future, and the more he thought of it the more wide awake he became. Sleep was out of the question.

BEFORE noon that day came Esther. When he saw her approaching with a nurse there flashed back upon him

his resolve of yesterday to see her no more, and for an instant he felt keenly annoyed at sight of her. Then, quickly remembering all she had done for him, he was hotly ashamed of the feeling. She had brought him a basket of edibles, and as she placed it on a table beside him he detected in her manner a disquieting suggestion of constraint. But her first words were commonplace enough.

"How are you?" she asked.

"Oh, about as well as I look, I suppose."

Tho he evinced a plentiful lack of interest in the topic, her dark eyes searched his face earnestly for some untoward sign. No one, seeing the ruddy glow of his skin or the clearness of his eye, would ever have suspected he had passed a sleepless night. By contrast, the purple shadows under her eyes, spoke all too plainly of how little repose she had had.

"I never saw you looking better," she admiringly observed.

"You must remember you haven't seen me very often," he reminded her, and smilingly started to remove the napkin from the basket of food.

With a quick movement her hand flashed out and seized his. She glanced swiftly around. The nurse stood a short way off, conversing with one of her patients.

"Don't open it till you're sure nobody's looking."

He was not slow to surmise that a file or some such instrument was concealed in the basket, and he replaced the napkin and said quite soberly: "All right. I'll take care."

"When do you expect to escape?" she asked, speaking in a cautious whisper.

"Tonight, if it's dark."

"And you'll come to me? You'll let me hide you?" She searched his face eagerly.

He did not answer at once. During the long, wakeful hours last night, when he had renewed his glorious castle-building, this woman had not figured in his dreams of multiplying Kathleen's dollar ten million times. Once or twice he had thought of Esther, but only to reflect that he must repay her for what she had done for him, and then shut her out of his life forever. As she noted his hesitation the unreasoning jealousy, which she had been striving to keep in check the past five minutes, broke forth in a furiously blind torrent.

"Never mind!" she blazed. "Don't come! You ungrateful——"

"Wait! Let me explain——"

"Don't speak to me! I hate you. I shouldn't have come. I hate you!"

They were both standing now, facing each other hotly. Her voice had risen louder and louder as her jealously inflamed passion mastered her prudence, but the nurse had moved to the other end of the room and heard nothing.

"Will you be quiet?" demanded Daniel, his own voice none too gentle. "Of course I'm coming to you. Where else should I go?"

"Why did you smile at that girl?" she rushed on, heedless of his promise. "Why did she shield you in court? What is she to you?"

He wondered what this woman would be were her jealousy given serious provocation, and shook his head helplessly.

"She's nothing to me," he said, willing to do anything for the sake of peace. "I don't know why she testified that way. Don't ask me. You're still living in the same place, aren't you, Esther? If you are—and nothing goes wrong—I'll be there tomorrow morning before breakfast."

The earnestness and sincerity with which he said this seemed to reassure her. Besides, she was beginning to regret her outburst, and was glad to be quieted. When after a while she left him there was in her heart only a trace of doubt and a deep humiliation. She was burning with shame for having bared her most unlovely side to the eyes of the man she loved.

In a secluded corner Daniel opened the lunch, and beneath the chicken sandwiches and chocolate cake he found a heavy file and a coil of rope. Not thinking he would need either, yet knowing it would be unwise to leave such things behind him, he managed to conceal them in his cot without detection.

When he retired it bade fair to be a clear night, but before 1 o'clock the moon was obscured by clouds, and the muttering of distant thunder heralded a storm. Altho he had not slept last night, he had successfully battled the temptation to close his eyes, and was therefore awake when the first shadow crossed the moon.

He bustled into his clothes, stuck the file into a pocket, buttoned the rope under his coat and felt his way thru the inky blackness to a western window. He slipped his legs over the sill, gripped it with both hands, and lowered himself into the black pit yawning ominously below.

At that instant the storm broke, and even in the bare second of his drop from the window to the ground his spirit was thrilled by the spectacular "effect" of his escape. There came a sizzling, dazzling flash of lightning that seemed to illumine the flat country for miles around—and then a terrific thunderclap, and the rain descended in a solid wall.

He picked himself up, turned his coat collar around his neck and waited for another lightning flash to give him his bearings. It came quickly, and its blinding white glare lighted up something else beside the dark buildings behind that stretch of unbroken ground before him. It flashed upon the blue uniform, the vizored cap, the brass buttons, of an asylum attendant, who had appeared in a doorway to view the electrical havoc.

When, by the vivid lightning, he caught sight of the tall figure standing in the drenching downpour, he made no sound, but rushed upon his man with silent swiftness, Daniel, caught unawares, was crushed heavily to the ground by the impact of the guard's body. Yet even as he went down he managed to get a hold on his assailant's knees; and the next moment the two were struggling, reeling, this way and that over the slippery lawn. Neither spoke, and except their rapid breathing—or rather their gasping for breath—the conflict was as noiseless as it was terrific.

Not once in his twenty-four years of life had Daniel been worsted in a rough-and-tumble fight, and he did not intend this one to mark a precedent. His opponent was a powerful man, and the battle was by no means an unequal one. It waged fully ten minutes. More than once it went against Daniel, and for a time it looked as tho he were in for his

The Prosecuting Attorney Was Cross-examining Her. She Seemed Nervous, Embarrassed, Ill at Ease and Answered His Questions Reluctantly, or Evaded Them.

first defeat. But when it ended the guard was on his back, and Daniel's knee was on his chest. For the moment both combatants were well-nigh exhausted. The victor got his "second wind" while planning how to dispose of the vanquished one.

He must be bound hand and foot, but how? Esther's rope! Esther's good intentions would not go for naught after all. In the fight every button had been ripped from Daniel's coat, and his shirt was in ribbons, but luckily he soon discovered the rope was not beyond his reach.

Laboriously, by very small degrees, he worked it towards him with the toe of his shoe. Finally he had it in his hands. But before he could make a noose the guard, perceiving his intention, and having also recuperated somewhat, began to fight like a trapped wildcat. Lashing about with his legs, and trying for a foothold in the soft earth, he strove furiously to throw off the man who sat astride him. Daniel had his hands full, what with maintaining his hold on the struggling body, blocking the blows and endeavoring at the same time to tie the flying arms and legs. Try as he would, he could not achieve this last.

At length he saw there was, but one way, and he took it. Throwing up his left elbow to shield his face, unmindful of the storm of blows beating upon his chest, he drew back his right arm and drove his fist full into the face below. Again and again his hammer-like fist, clinched until the nails dug into the palm, crashed into that face. All the animal in him was to the fore and battling with ferocious delight. A blood-red mist swam before his eyes. Tho he knew it not, his teeth were locked and his lips curled back from them, baring them like a wolf's. The guard had been insensible several minutes when at last he desisted.

After a considerable while—for he worked slowly, giving his wonderful stamina time to reassert itself—the unconscious man was bound hand and foot and stretched rigid on the ground, his battered face staring stark into the black night.

"The rain'll bring him to." That ugly look was dying from the conquerer's eyes, his snarling mouth was again human. "Yes, the rain'll bring him to, and one of his mates will find him."

And then, guided by the forked streaks of lightning and accompanied by the rumble and crash of giant thunder chords, Daniel struck across the prairie thru the driving rain, made a detour and turned his face toward Chicago.

CHAPTER X.

RED LIGHTS OF THE YELLOW PRESS.

ESTHER STROM lived in one of those three-story, painted-brick buildings, fallen upon evil lodging-house times, which look as tho they never were new. It had weathered the storms of many winters and the suns of as many summers, and the red paint was peeling from its bleak walls like the dead skin from a reptile. From the unswept pavement a flight of rotting wooden steps shot up and stabbed the house somewhere below the middle.

For $3 a week Esther rented a basement room, with light housekeeping privileges, the window of which came level with the pavement. To reach this room with facility one descended two crumbling stone steps, passed under the wooden stairway, and—if one were a person of average height—stooped to enter a misfit door found there. As the sun rose on the morning following Daniel's escape from the asylum it found Esther standing outside that misfit door, looking toward the north. She had been there, intermittently, since dawn.

Suddenly Daniel turned the corner. His appearance was not prepossessing. His hat was gone, as was his collar. His hair was tousled and matted; his face covered with a dark growth of beard; his shoes and trousers were caked with mud, and as he carried his coat under his arm, his shirt was seen to be little more than a rag which clung to him damply.

For two days and nights he had known little if any sleep, and in the past five hours he had tramped three times as many miles. Only a constitution of steel could have stood up under this, but Daniel had one. As he turned the corner and swung down the street with vigorous strides he seemed far from exhaustion. Indeed, he showed no more fatigue than any man taking a brisk morning walk after a night's refreshing rest.

The moment the woman saw him all the love and pity and tenderness of her emotional nature welled up in her bosom, and with a little low cry of "My boy!"—more maternal than amorous—she ran to meet him. He took her outstretched hands, and holding them wide apart, smiled at the anxiety in her face.

"Am I on time? I was delayed a little at the start."

"And you walked all the way!" she exclaimed pityingly.

"No. I ran part of the way. The first part."

"You must be ready to drop. Your breakfast has been waiting an hour, for I expected you earlier, and I know you're starving."

"I plead guilty to the last count, but not to the first. I'm not done for yet."

In her basement room, which, tho cheaply furnished, was spotlessly clean—she bade him sit down while she warmed over his breakfast on the coal-oil stove. She soon placed before him, with apologies for its meagerness, steak and eggs and potatoes, and buttered toast and coffee, and sat by and watched him consume the repast with the zest and gusto of an enormous appetite. She enjoyed seeing him eat as much as he enjoyed eating. When he had finished the meal to the last drop and crumb he sat back in his straight-back chair and felt thru his coat pockets. His quest finished, he stared ruefully at the moist lump of tobacco in his palm. She sprang up, ran to a cupboard, and in a second was back with a package of smoking tobacco and a book of cigarette papers.

"I thought of it last night," she said simply. "I knew you would want to smoke."

He rolled and lighted a cigarette, took a heavy inhalation, and sent the smoke swirling ceilingward. Then, lowering his head, he looked steadily from beneath his thick, jet-black brows at the starry-eyed woman sitting opposite him. He felt no love for her, but a gratitude too deep for words tugged at his heart.

"You make me feel mean," he burst out suddenly, and pushed back his chair and crossed his knees. "You're too good for me. I don't deserve it."

"I've rented a room for you on the top floor," she said, clearing away the breakfast things. "It's small and cheap, but the bed's clean."

She walked to the sink with the stack of dishes, deposited them, and returned to where he was standing.

"I—I told the landlady," she faltered, without looking at him, "that I—that you were my brother." She lowered her eyes and allowed them to rest on her hands lying on the back of her chair.

"No great harm in that, I hope. Besides, there is a sort of family resemblance. Your hair's as black as mine; your eyes, too. And I certainly have a most commendable brotherly love for you."

She became silent. Her dark-skinned hands relaxed; her shoulders drooped. After a small silence she turned away and opened a door leading into a dark hall. "Would you like to go to your room now?" Her voice sounded spiritless. "I'll show you the way."

He followed her down the subterranean passage to a narrow stairway at the rear, up which they climbed four flights. His room was at the rear of the top floor and was furnished with one iron bed, one bare washstand and one kitchen chair, and, so tiny was it, these three articles filled it amply. Appropriately, there was but one window, which gave upon an alley and commanded a fine view of a brick wall. He raised it and, leaning out, found the cornice of the house was less than six feet above the sill.

"I may need that some time," he remarked, turning back to Esther. "I'll get the lay of the roof tonight."

She had apparently forgotten her depression, for she was all tenderness now and, apologizing for the bareness of his abode, she left the room.

After locking the door Daniel stripped to the skin, hung his damp garments out of the window in the hope that a chance ray of sunshine might discover them, and curled up on the bed, which was never intended for a man of his stature. He pulled the cotton sheet over him—the bed boasted but one—and yawned prodigiously. In less than three minutes he was slumbering soundly.

* * * * * * *

It was dusk when he awoke. Feeling

greatly refreshed, he put on his clothes, which were almost dry, and walked downstairs, where he was greeted by Esther.

"It must be pretty late," he remarked.

"It's nearly nine."

"Nine! Why, I have had ten hours' sleep!"

"But you hadn't slept for two nights."

"It's a larger dose than I've taken in years. I almost never sleep more than five hours out of the twenty-four. I feel as tho I'm wasting time if I do. I know that's an astonishing statement for a vagabond to make, but there's so much in life, even for a vagabond——"

"Please don't say that. You are not a vagabond, and I don't like to hear you say you are."

"I've been nothing else for the last five years," he assured her.

"All the same, you are not one," she maintained stoutly.

"Don't you want to know who I am?" he asked, suddenly very earnest. "Don't you want to know about my family, where I came from, what I've been doing—all that?"

She shook her head. "No—at least not until you wish to tell me."

"Remember, you know nothing whatever about me. I may be a burglar, a highwayman, a murderer, for all you know. Had you thought of that?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, "all that and more; and I don't care. It doesn't matter to me what you are, or what you have been. Look at it the other way about; how much do you know of me? You know I am of foreign parentage, and that is all."

"Quite right. Well, we start square, at all events."

"And with no curiosity, I hope. I'd better get you something to eat," she reminded herself presently, and rose and started toward the door. "You must be hungry." She paused with her hand on the knob. "You'll find a hydrant and sink at the end of the hall. I left a towel and soap there for you. The accommodations on this floor are abominable."

"I've managed with worse," he said.

"Isn't there something else I can get you?" she asked.

"Yes; I wish you'd get me some evening newspapers." He drew forth one of his precious dimes and gave it to her. "Buy two of 'em."

When she returned, bearing a tray of food and two newspapers, he had made his toilet and looked a little more presentable—or, rather, a little less unkempt. He was pacing his narrow confinement restlessly and smoking many cigarettes. Between his brows were two sharp vertical lines that seemed to accentuate the fullness of his broad, white forehead.

He opened the newspapers. The first one shrieked at him:

MANIAC ESCAPES!
OVERPOWERS GUARD AND FLEES IN STORM!

He smiled and turned to the other one. Then he started violently. Lavishly smeared across the front page, smelling of printer's ink, this is what he saw:

MADMAN MISSING!
$1,000 FOR CAPTURE!
SYMINGTON OTIS OFFERS BIG REWARD!

CHAPTER XI.

THE JAUNDICED EYE.

ESTHER knocked at his door next morning about eight.

"Come to my room as soon as you're dressed; I've a surprise for you."

In a closet at the end of the hall he had unearthed an old wooden clothes-tub. He filled it at the hydrant, carried it to his room, and stripped and enjoyed a cold bath. Then he went to his benefactress.

"You have three guesses," she cried gaily, holding her hands behind her, her face radiant.

"I'll take all three at once—ham and eggs and coffee."

"Silly boy! Would that be a surprise?" She fumbled with what she held behind her, shifting it to one hand, reached up, playfully tweaked his unshaven cheek and rubbed her palm against its stubby grain. "Now can you guess?"

"You've bought me a shaving outfit," he said soberly. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"—placing on the table the tonsorial utensils she had been concealing. "Oh, I know; you believe a woman can't tell a good razor. Well, just try this one and see."

"I meant to tell you, Esther," he said, after a pause, "I'm not going to shave. I'm going to grow a beard."

She fell strangely silent; and when she spoke he thought her voice sounded hard, unnatural. "I see. A disguise. How stupid of me not to think of it. That means, of course"—she picked up the shaving mug and appeared to be interested in its contour—"that means you will be leaving here soon."

He was in a quandary. He knew not how to answer. Deep down in his heart he knew he was going to leave her, was going to shut her out of his life. He had decided that again last night when perfecting his plans. But he could not tell her so now—not while she stood there questioning him, with such accusation, such bitter reproach.

He took the shaving mug from her hands, replaced it on the table, and put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips.

During breakfast, however, she returned to the troublesome topic.

"Daniel," she began, refilling his coffee cup, "I don't like you to have secrets from me." She put down the coffee-pot, and supporting her elbows on the table, rested her chin on her interlaced fingers and looked at him wistfully.

"Well?" He smiled encouragingly, and filled his fork with the remainder of food on his plate. "What's on your mind now?"

"I want you to tell me what you intend doing."

"Really, I am surprised and saddened. I never suspected I was so transparent." He lighted a cigarette, flipped the burnt match into the coal-box behind him, and smiled at her thru a little cloud of bluish smoke.

Without heeding his facetiousness, she reached across the square, scrupulously-scoured table that separated them and laid her hand very earnestly on his wrist. "I'll tell you what I'd like, Daniel." Her voice was low and serious. "I'd like to have you go back to Russia with me. There's work to be done in Russia—and you and I could do so much."

His expression changed. His brows lowered and drew together, his wide mouth closed in a straight line.

"See here, Esther!" His clinched fist struck the table a ringing blow. His quiet demeanor had radically changed. "I've something I want to tell you. I meant it to come later, but since you've started this thing it had better come now. The last few days have marked the turning point in my life. Henceforth my brain, my energy, every particle of me, will work toward but one end—Material Success. Money means Power, and Power is my goal."

As he talked Esther crouched back in her chair, cringing from him as tho each word he spoke was a whip-lash across her face. She seemed dazed by the astounding change in him.

"Naturally, you hadn't thought of me," she murmured when he paused.

"On the contrary," he said, and there was a hidden meaning in his words, which, keen as she was, escaped her, "you are the person of whom I'm thinking most just now."

A glad light sprang into her eyes. "Then you are going to take me up with you! With your money—you see, I am optimistic and take it for granted you will become wealthy—how much we could do!"

He tossed away his cigarette, took a swallow of coffee, put down his cup abruptly. "I'll do the square thing by you—remember that. Perhaps money cannot compensate you for all you have done for me—I doubt very much if it can—but if it can, Esther, I shall repay you a hundredfold."

She sprang up, her momentary awe of him vanished. Her brief gladness had fled. Her face was very white.

"Then you are going to throw me over!" she blazed at him. "I thought so. You're planning to get all you can out of me, and then——"

"Have I ever shown any wild desire for your company?" he asked icily. He also was standing. His face was white, too. "In our short friendship has it not always been you who took the initiative?"

"The first time we met," she rushed on, infuriated, "you were hungry. You had no money—no place to sleep. Has it not been the same ever since? I gave you all I had that first time—as I've always done—I denied myself. Shall I itemize that in my bill? But, doubtless, you have forgotten."

"I never took that money," he replied. "I——"

"Ha! Haggling already!" She laughed hysterically.

His brow darkened. "I thought I was going to have trouble with you. But never mind. I'll settle in full my account with you, and we'll quit even."

A furious torrent of words rushed to her tongue, but before she could loose it something occurred which, even in that tempestuous moment, dammed its flow. Thru the window facing the street the morning sun was streaming brightly; at the quarrel's crisis a shadow obliterated the sunlight, and she turned just in time to see what cast it. A second later a peremptory knocking rattled the street door.

"Go to your room and lock yourself in!" she ordered, and pushed him before her toward the hall door. "It's Strunski—the big Russian you met at Smulski's. He mustn't find you here. He's ready to kill you, almost. Do hurry!"

"Let him in, or he'll break the door down—— But wait! Maybe he knows about the reward. He might tell the police."

"Hurry, hurry!" she cried, in a panic of fear for his safety. "You can't tell what he'll do. Run all the way to your room and lock the door."

He tarried no longer.

AFTER his departure she composed herself at the breakfast table. The battering at the door swelled louder with every second.

"Come in," she called finally, in Russian, and made a pretense of eating.

He entered, glowering, and sat in the chair Daniel had vacated.

"Why did you keep me waiting?" he asked sullenly.

She poured herself a cup of coffee, which she did not want, and looked serenely across the table at the forbidding face, at the jealousy-inflamed eye, the unwholesome skin.

"Because," she replied evenly, "I was trying to decide whether or not I wanted to see you."

"And did you decide?"

She lifted one shoulder, with eloquent indifference, and stirred her coffee. "I had to let you in. Another minute, and you would have torn the house down."

He turned his massive head this way and that, audibly sniffing the air. "I take it you care more for your friend who rolls his own cigarettes." He opened a box of Russians and lighted one.

She did not speak, and he went on:

"You've taken quite a fancy to this young spellbinder, haven't you?"

"If you mean the boy who left just as you came—he's my brother." Tho her voice was steady enough, her fingers trembled as she lifted her coffee cup.

Strunski threw back his head, and gave a loud, mirthless laugh. "Brother! What a liar you are!"

She caught her breath sharply and sat very erect, a crimson spot burning vividly in either dark cheek. Her bosom rose and fell stormily.

"Be careful what you say to me," she warned him; but the anger in her low voice seemed only to fan his jealousy to a fiercer flame.

"Come, come—why dodge and quibble? I know who the fellow is. He's the baby orator who created a furore at our meeting. I saw him thru the window as I came in."

Esther thought quickly. Clearly there was nothing to be gained by anger, or coldness, or further prevarication. No, the only thing to do was to conciliate this jealous giant, to soothe and wheedle him—even, if needful, to make love to him.

So, when she spoke her voice was soft and caressing, and her eyes no less so. "Why do you dislike this youth, Strunski? Has he ever done you an injury?"

He ground his teeth as he frowned at her, and the great hairy hand lying on his knee opened and closed. "You will equivocate, won't you? As if you could hoodwink me for one instant! Don't try it, Esther. You know well enough why I loath this—this——"

"Randolph Fitz," she supplied swiftly. So he did not know Daniel's real name. That was good.

"You know well enough, I say. It's because you love him." He sprang to his feet, kicked the chair aside and began pacing the floor savagely.

"You can't be serious, Strunski!" She made a brave effort at gaiety. "I care for him? Surely you are jesting." She tilted back her chair, as he stopped and towered over her, and smiled up at him coquettishly.

"Why will you torture me so?" he cried, holding out his great arms to her. "Can't you see how I love you? Don't you know I've loved you for years? In Petrograd, when your husband was killed, I loved you, tho I refrained from telling you then. And this Fitz!"—he spat the word out—"this vagabond of a Fitz! You've know him but a few days, yet you're—— Surely you cannot love him! Tell me that you don't. Tell me—tell me, Esther, that you love only me!"

The woman knew how to act. She hesitated, smiled up at him demurely; then, breathing to herself the name of the man she loved, she rose, and, with her eyes closed tightly, held up her lips to the man she despised.

Some while later Strunski took his departure. At the street door Esther laid her hand on his arm and looked into his eyes beseechingly.

"And you won't tell, Strunski?" she pleaded. "You won't give the poor boy away?"

Immediately suspicious, he sought some covert design in her face. But only compassion seemed written there.

"The reward is big," he remarked tentatively. "It is not every day that I

An Editor Does Not Remain After Office Hours!

The Editor of the Ledger, however, did just this same thing the night he received and read for the first time the manuscript of

"UNDER THE STRIPED MAN'S FLAG"

He recognized it at once as one of those most rare fiction achievements known in publishing circles as a SIT-UP-ALL-NIGHT-STORY.

He saw that it was the most "holding" adventure story that had passed thru his hands for many a day, that it had an ending that was big, different, unforgettable.

And for the sake of thousands of waiting supper tables, bed-time hours and unfilled engagements, he broke it into several installments!

Below are pictured seven most vivid characters who, at the tap of the author's magic gong, spring together into a 60-mile-an-hour yarn.

The curtain for this rare fiction treat rises promptly on November 29—next week—when the Ledger reaches its distributors' hands.

An Intense Drama Replete With Everything but the Music!

Send Your Name No Money

Don't Send 1 Penny. Just your name and address and give size. We will send these five pieces of winter underwear to you on approval. You are getting $6.00 worth of winter underwear for $3.69. Order at our risk. If this underwear doesn't please you for any reason whatsoever, return it and we will cheerfully refund your money.

2 UNION SUITS
2 PAIR HOSE
1 KNITTED SLIP
ALL FOR $3.69

These 2 union suits are made of fine quality yarn heavily fleeced on the inside. High neck, long sleeves, open style. Color, white. SIZE—32 to 46. Two pair of winter hose, made in seamless fashion style with double heel and toe and double gather top. Color, black. Sizes, 8½ to 10. This knitted princess slip is made of a fine quality yarn. Woven in narrow elastic jersey rib. Fits snugly to the body around the bodice and hips. Skirt cut full. Slip-over style, will wash perfectly. Very warm and serviceable. Color, natural. SIZES, 32 to 46.

Price Smashed Send now—tomorrow may be too late. We can only furnish this price smashing bargain as long as our stock lasts. This is a get-acquainted bargain. We want you to know us. We are sure you will be pleased with this big saving bargain. Order today, remember we guarantee to please—you risk nothing.

SEND NOW Just your name and address—no money. Pay the postman $3.69 when he brings the five pieces of winter underwear to you. This price includes all transportation charges. If you don't find this underwear all that you expect, send it back and we will refund your money at once. This is our risk—not yours. Be sure and give size. Order by number 43. Dept. N232

WALTER FIELD CO. 725 S. Wells Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
"The Bargain Mail Order House"

Learn Auto and Tractor Business

Earn $100 to $400 a Month

Right in your own neighborhood. You need only let it be known that you are a **Rahe Trained** Motor Mechanic, and you will get into a good paying business at once.

Learn in 6 to 8 Weeks

Daily practice on up-to-date Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors—**The Greatest Training Equipment in America.** Thousands of successful graduates—many from your own section. (No colored applications.)

Free Now Write today for 7-Day Trial Offer and 68-Page Illustrated Opportunity Book. State age and occupation.

RAHE AUTO & TRACTOR SCHOOL
Dept. 4104 Kansas City, Mo.

½ Price $2.50
SEND NO MONEY
If You Can Tell It From a GENUINE DIAMOND Shipped back

To prove that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond (costing 50 times as much), with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-FIRE, (Guaranteed 20 yrs.) we will send this Ladies Solitaire Ring with one carat gem, (Catalogue price $4.98) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.50,** plus War Tax 13c. Same thing but Gents, Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, (Catalogue price $6.26) for $3.10, plus War Tax 15c. Mountings are our finest 12 karat gold filled. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad., state size and we will mail at once C. O. D. If not fully pleased, return in 2 days for MONEY BACK, less handling charges. Act quick; offer limited; only one to a customer. Write for FREE Catalog. AGENTS WANTED.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.
Dept. K. J. L. Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

42 Piece Dinner Set Free

Distribute only 6 doz. pkgs. of our famous New Way Washing Tablets among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce., gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed.

Write Today for Free Sample Outfit
New-Way Products Co., 2146 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Knitting Machine Profits at Home

Easy for anyone. Takes but little to start. Everything explained how YOU, MAN or WOMAN can make your spare time get you big money on this wonderful Gearhart Family Knitter. The best and lowest priced Machine made. Knits pair of stockings in 20 minutes, heel and toe proof against holes.

Machine and Work Guaranteed. Over 100,000 now in use. Write for "Guide Book" and samples of knitting.

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. 197, Clearfield, Pa.

New Feather Beds only $11.25

New Feather Pillows $2.15 per pair. New Feathers, best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for new Catalog.
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Desk 3, Greensboro, N.C.

Olaf Strunski, can get so much so easily."

"Ah, yes, but you would do nothing so base, Strunski," and the tone of her voice flattered him. "You have too much honor. After all, is he not our comrade, and would you not die rather than turn traitor to the cause? You an informer for a mere thousand dollars? Ha! It is laughable! You have honor, Strunski."

The man moved restlessly and felt behind him for the doorknob.

"Promise me you won't inform the police." She spoke very softly.

He put on his hat and opened the door. He was silent, watching her narrowly. She held out her dark little hand.

"I promise," he said firmly, squeezed her hand, and turned and went out.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRUIT OF MALICE.

SYMINGTON OTIS, in the palatial hall of his North Side home, was bidding good-night to a group of smiling newspaper men. In the midst of the leave-taking, Kathleen came down the broad staircase, and at the sweeping base, embellished with a marble Mercury clutching a cluster of frosted incandescent bulbs, paused a moment, watching the group near the front door. Then she crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room.

Her aunt was there—in war paint and feathers; for she was just off for a very smart dinner party at which a famous Spanish painter, who was then quite the rage, was to be the guest of honor; and if there was one thing Mrs. Otis "adored" more than another, it was foreign celebrities.

Mrs. Symington Otis, it should here be mentioned, was a stout lady of about forty-three, striving to appear as a slender lady of about thirty-four. This difficult feat, altho achieved with a fair degree of surface success, was accomplished not without some internal discomfort. Even now her pins and stringe and hooks and things were causing her no little bodily torment—albeit, from the serene expression on her smooth, round face, nobody in the world would ever have guessed it. When her niece came in she was standing before a tall French mirror, wriggling impatiently into a pair of extremely tight-fitting elbow gloves.

"Your uncle is incorrigible, dear," she palpitated, fluttering this way and that and tossing critical glances in the mirror. "I really should not be astonished were he to employ a press agent and establish a publicity bureau. How do I look?"

"Lovely, Aunt Helen." Kathleen sat upon a divan and absently turned the pages of a fashion journal lying there. "Er—what has Uncle Sym been doing now?"

Mrs. Otis lifted a plump, white shoulder in a fat, vivacious shrug. "Oh, still courting notoriety. He is becoming quite an adept. These dreadful reporters! They give me the shivers. They suggest such horrid things; murders and divorces and—— Are you quite sure, dear, this gown doesn't emphasize my embonpoint a wee bit? Rozet said——"

"It becomes you, Aunt Helen, really. What did uncle give the newspapers this time—our family tree?"

"Not at all. He might be pardonable if he had. No, he is still harping on that curious person—Spitz, Fitz, whatever his name is—who threatened to blow up the house with a rag wrapped in a newspaper. You remember him? I believe you spoke of him afterward—several times. In fact, you seemed quite interested in him—sociologically, of course, I mean."

A very faint blush came and went in the girl's finely grained cheeks. She put down the periodical and folded her hands in her lap.

"What has Uncle Sym done?" she asked quietly.

"Offered an additional reward of a thousand dollars for the man's capture. And, pray, to what end? Vulgar publicity! A variety actor could do no more."

Kathleen looked thoughtfully at the floor and slowly shook her head.

"No," she said, more to herself than to her aunt, "I don't think that is it."

Mrs. Otis darted a parting, and half-dissatisfied, backward glance at the tall mirror and swept grandly across the room toward the hall simultaneously with her husband's entrance. She hastily blew him a kiss and departed for her waiting electric coupe with all sails set.

Otis' gray eyes were twinkling as he sat in a large leather chair near his niece and fastidiously flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his broad-clothed arm.

"Amusing lot, those newspaper chaps!" he chuckled. "Clever, too. Never could understand why they waste their talents in such unremunerative occupation. One of them was telling me——"

"Uncle Sym," interrupted Kathleen, "why do you persist in hounding this man?"

Otis lifted his eyebrows. He saw, however, there was little use in pretending to misunderstand. "'Hounding,' my girl? A harsh word for one aiding the cause of justice!"

"You know as well as I do that he has done nothing to merit so large a reward for his capture—or, indeed, any reward at all. Were it not for the money you've offered, how much time would the authorities spend looking for him? Not a minute. I dislike to say it, but it looks very much like spite to me."

He darted a quick glance to her.

"How much do you know of this fellow?" he asked, a bit sharply. "Why are you so interested in him?"

"I am not interested in him."

"Then, why did you object when I offered that first reward, and why do you object again, now I've offered a second?"

"I do not like to see any person unfairly treated."

"And your testimony at the trial——"

"I merely took pity on the man. After all, he had not harmed us. I am not vindictive, in any event."

Otis picked up a magazine from a table, rustled thru it, flung it aside, got up and took a turn about the room, tugging at his bristling mustache.

"Don't you think, Kate, your guest, Miss Halloway, might want to see you?"

The girl tossed her head, started to speak, then, thinking better of it, closed her lips tightly and left the room. Upstairs she found Fanny Halloway—a school chum who was spending a few days with her—curled upon a silk-cushioned chair with a new novel and a box of chocolates. That wonderful telepathy, frequently found between young girls, soon began flashing its wireless sparks.

"What's bothering you, Kittykins?" asked the submerged one, putting down her book and fishing languidly for a bonbon. "Not that little poodle, Artie Sparkle, I hope."

Kathleen leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands behind her head and half closed her pansy eyes.

"Fanny," she mused, "did you ever wish you were a man?"

Fanny swallowed a sweet hastily—and jumped to another conclusion.

"Gracious! You have got it badly, poor dear, haven't you?"

* * * * * * * * *

It was ten days since the reward for Daniel's capture had been doubled, and tho detectives, city, amateur, and private, as well as the police, had kept hot an unremitting search, not a trace of the fugitive could they find. Clews they had by scores, but they led nowhere.

This tenth day fell on a Thursday—a cold, dark day of incessant rain. Strunski invariably called upon Esther every Friday, but on this particular Thursday night, happening to be in her neighborhood, he decided to take advantage of the opportunity, and drop in on her for a pot of tea and a word of good cheer. Accordingly, he turned into the wet, murky street wherein she lived, thinking of happy things and walking with joyous stride; and, so powerful is the necromancy of love, his half-bestial face was magically transfigured, so that he seemed not entirely unhandsome.

"I'll give her an unexpected pleasure," was his thought as he descended the two stone steps.

He was about to pass under the wooden staircase, and so to her door, when suddenly, just opposite the window he stopped still and stood as tho hewed from stone. The curtain of the window was up, the room lighted, and whoever chose might stand where he stood and see plainly all that transpired within; and, since he was in the darkness and those in the room in the light, he might remain quite undisturbed.

What Strunski saw was this: In the center of the room, her back toward him, stood Esther; arms held out, her head back, she had the unmistakable posture of a woman waiting only for the One Man. The next instant a very tall man, young-looking despite the short, untrimmed beard on his lean face, stepped from some point outside Strunski's range of vision, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

The watcher's face, pressed close to the slippery window pane, twitched with murderous impulse. His eyeballs blazed. His nostrils dilated. His pimply skin was a purplish hue. He seemed on the verge of smashing in the windows and springing upon his rival.

He did no such thing, however. Stepping lightly so as to make no sound, he retraced his steps to the sidewalk; and then, his vision obscured by a crimson veil, he rushed blindly down the street. In the distance he saw thru the heavy drizzle a policeman rounding a corner, and increasing his fast walk to a run, he pounced upon him from the rear and caught him by the shoulder.

"Officer, do you want to make a thousand dollars?"

Two thousand dollars reward for the capture of Daniel Fitzhugh, and the capture seemingly imminent! The swift onward rush of the third installment of this fascinating and unusual serial will more than repay you for buying next week's Ledger in which it will appear.

* * *

Much the Same.

Chump—"Were you ever at an afternoon tea?"

Grump—"No, but once I was in a place where sixteen phonographs played simultaneously."

Have Cozy Rooms For 17c a Day

Now made possible by this latest Larkin Factory-to-Family plan. One to three rooms furnished completely for only 17c a day. Take two years to pay.

800 Beautiful Furnishings Await Your Choosing

Welcome surprises await you in the large amount of furnishing you can do at small expense. High quality furnishings of tasty and beautiful design, on easy terms, at rock-bottom prices surely merit your investigation.

Big Helpful Book Now FREE

Every one of its 104 pages contains intensely interesting offers for the home lover. Write for your book now.

Larkin Co. Desk FBW1119, Buffalo, N.Y.

FREE Puncture Proof—**INNER TUBE**

Here is an opportunity to secure a guaranteed puncture proof tube FREE with our world-famous PUBLIC DOUBLE TREAD TIRES. These rebuilt on honor Double Tread Tires are *guaranteed for 5000 miles* and often give from 7000 to 8000 miles. The tubes are *guaranteed for 6000 miles.* Think of the pleasure of inserting these tubes in your tires and running 6000 miles without a puncture, then send in your order today. A Puncture Proof Tube free with each tire you order.

Price Includes Tubes and Tires

28 x 3	$ 6.90	34 x 4	$11.40
30 x 3	7.30	34 x 4½	12.05
30 x 3½	8.40	35 x 4½	13.50
32 x 3½	9.00	36 x 4½	13.80
31 x 4	10.25	35 x 5	14.55
32 x 4	10.70	36 x 5	14.90
33 x 4	10.65	37 x 5	14.95

In ordering state whether S. S., clincher, plain tread or non-skid is desired. Send $2.00 deposit for each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination. 5 per cent special discount if full amount accompanies order.

PUBLIC TIRE CORPORATION
Dept. B3507, S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

21 Jewels

Accurate Timekeeper. 21 Jewel
$9.57 20 year gold filled case. C. O. D. 16 size, Open face or hunting case, plain, polished or beautifully engraved.
EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED.
Special offer for short time only $9.57

Send name and address. The watch will be sent by parcel post, C. O. D. If not satisfied after 10 days' trial, return watch and we will absolutely refund your money. 20 year single or double vest or Waldmar chain only $2.00. **ORDER NOW,** and receive our profit sharing plan.

The Profit Sharing Jewelry Co.,
820 Lakeside Place, Chicago, Ill.

MOVIE MACHINE FREE
Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (8 reels). Powerful lens, shows real pictures. Given for selling 20 packages [illegible] or [illegible] packages [illegible] Write today.
GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 845 CHICAGO

SEND NO MONEY

Weather sharps prophesy a hard winter. Be prepared by ordering a pair of these biggest **Storm Huskies.** Rugged and sturdy wear as [illegible] **If you don't think them well worth $10.00 just send them back.** Genuine Kan-Kanga Leather Uppers. Double oak leather soles and heels for double service. Specially treated to exclude acids in milk, manure and gasoline. Tan only. All sizes. Smoothly finished inside and comfortable as an old shoe. **Send no money.** Pay only $6.95 on arrival. Simply mail us the coupon below and see them for yourself.

Sirs: I like the shoes I got from you very much. I think they will last longer than you claim they will.
D. F. Russell,
Tiger Bay, Florida.

Coupon Brings This Shoe On Approval

ONLY $6.95 On Arrival
Postage FREE
Save Profits. Buy Direct from Factory Headquarters.

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. H202 Boston, Mass.
Please send Hi-cut Storm Huskies ON APPROVAL. My money back promptly if I want it. I risk nothing.

Name ..... Size.....
Address .....

Effective Way to Beautify Face

The Use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers Is Recommended for its Wonderful Influence in Ridding Face of Pimples, Rash, Etc.

You need no veil, no mask, no lotions, creams or means to hide behind when

your complexion shows that you have been using Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You are proud to be in the bright light. All those horrid pimples and blackheads, those liver spots and blotches, the rash and redness are gone and a more beautiful skin of fine texture has come to brighten your days. Pretty features are lost behind a repulsive skin. Get the blemish out of your skin with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They contain the great wonder, calcium sulphide, one of the most searching and effective skin purifiers known.

You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at any drug store, 50 cents a box. You will certainly be surprised and delighted with their successful action on the skin.

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

Says One Subscriber

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 5018 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a package of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar today. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.
You can't feel so good but what NR will make you feel better.
Got a 25c. Box.
Nature's Remedy
NR TABLETS
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

If you can COMB your hair you can cut your own hair with this marvelous invention. Cuts the hair any desired length, short or long. Does the job as nicely as any barber in quarter the time, before your own mirror. You can cut the children's hair at home in a jiffy. Can be used as an ordinary razor to shave the face or finish around temple or neck. Sharpened like any razor. Lasts a lifetime. Saves its cost first time used. PRICE ONLY 35c, postpaid. Extra Blades 5c each.

Home Mfg. Co., Dept. 12, New Albany, Ind.

Raise Hares For Us

Immense profits quickly and easily made. We furnish stock and pay $2.00 to $3.00 each—also expressage—when three months old. Contract, book on raising FREE.

Thorson Rabbit Co., Dept. 15, Aurora, Colo

European & American Plans
Sea Baths Fireproof
Garage Famous
LATZCELLAR Grille
PLUMB ON THE BOARDWALK
ALAMAC HOTEL
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. MACKLATZ CO.

The Clue of the Cord

By P. G. Estee

Two-thirds of the Story

AFTER having quarreled with his son and having had very little to do with his grandson,

ALVAH NORTHMAN left his grandson,

SAM NORTHMAN, and his son, Sam's uncle,

RODNEY NORTHMAN, ten thousand dollars each, together with a length of knotted cord which purported to carry the message as to the whereabouts of the rest of his $2,000,000 fortune. Sam Northman found himself attacked and followed by mysterious strangers as soon as he received the information. His grandfather's last secretary,

NINA HARRIS, told him that the elder Northman had frequently visited Peru, South America, where he had a friend called

HADORE. No sooner did Northman leave Miss Harris than he received a letter telling him to go to Brittle Falls, and carrying the announcement that Miss Harris had red hair. The message took him to the Brittle Falls, where he was abducted by his uncle's helpers, held in a cabin and robbed of the cord. An Indian,

JUAN, rescued him and led him to

HADORE, his dead grandfather's best friend, who then promised to aid him. While in Hadore's cabin, Rodney and his Japanese servant and another helper, attacked them. Again Juan saved the day. After trussing up the two servants, Hadore turned to Rodney, who had lost consciousness. While kneeling at his side he handed Sam a letter which contained instructions about the cord. As he did so Rodney seized it and consigned it to the fire, together with two knotted cords which he had in his possession.

This story began in No. 45, the Ledger dated Nov. 8. Previous issues containing this serial may be obtained from our office or agents, or newsdealers in general.

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

PART III.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

JUAN had grasped Rodney, but had been a second too late. The man's face was illumined with evil triumph as he wrenched himself free and snarled at Hadore and Sam.

"Now, tie me and be damned. I have the best of you, nephew. If I cannot get the fortune, neither can you. I have enough, anyway."

Sam was speechless, and Hadore turned aside as if unable to bear the hateful sight of Rodney's face at that moment. The young man was sure that a tear glistened in the keen old eyes. He wondered greatly, but Rodney, bound by Juan, was still mocking and finally Sam answered.

"It will interest you, uncle, to know that the cords you have just burned are dummies, at least the one stolen from me is a substitute provided for such a contingency. In fact, I have been allowing you and the short-legged gentleman to mulct from me a number of cords—all dummies." He turned to Hadore, into whose eyes had come a new expression, unreadable just then.

"I shall find the secret left in grandfather's message if it takes half my life."

"It will not take you that long, my boy. I can tell——"

"No," came Sam's ultimatum. "As I understood you, there was no limit to the outside help you might give me in keeping off interference, but you were not to betray the actual code. Because Rodney has violated as many rules of the game as did the Kaiser, is no sign that I should imitate him."

"Regular goody, goody boy. He will talk differently when the money left by my doddering old father really goes to some fake charity," sneered Rodney, writhing in impotent anger.

Again Sam noticed the pain in the old man's eyes, but the latter spoke calmly enough.

"Good fortune will attend you as long as you observe the written and unwritten codes of good conduct. Now, if you wish, Juan will assist you to the station. I shall be in Spokane; perhaps almost as soon as yourself. I shall wish to hear of your progress."

"You shall," said Sam, warmly. "I owe a heap to you for the helping hand against my various opponents. I want you to be in at the finish."

"I think I can safely promise that none of your former enemies will bother you in the future," said Hadore, as he shook hands. "No," he smiled, at Sam's startled expression, "Juan and I will not harm them, but there are other ways of which you will learn in due time. And now, once more, good-by. We will look in at the other cabin, also. Whistler is probably gone and Slim also, however."

On the train as it neared Spokane the brakeman called a message for Samuel Northman. Eagerly the young man made himself known. The message was from Hadore and read:

> Whistler escaped following fight with Jap. Quarreled with Slim, whom he nearly killed. Claims has real cord and Rodney fooled. Watch out for yourself and Miss Harris. Am coming.

A very fair imitation of an insane man paced the car aisles from then on. The train had been late out of Brittle Falls and twice delayed since. What if Whistler had reached the railroad early enough the night before to secure a train to the city? What might he not attempt with regard to the girl, whose image was never absent from Sam's mind? To add a cap sheaf to the stack of trouble, the transcontinental suddenly ground to a stop between stations.

"Slide," snapped the conductor, "a big one, too. No telling when we can get thru."

Northman turned away feeling that Fate herself was winging over to his opponents. He quite concurred in the view of the trainmen when he alighted and went up ahead of the engine. Twenty miles separated him from Spokane. He determined to start and walk until he could secure an automobile or fast team, altho slush and mud were deep and promised difficulties for either method of locomotion. Leaving his grip aboard the train, Sam plowed his way around the slide and, reaching the track, again swung away to the west at a good pace.

An hour's brisk walk brought him to a little town with a small and slovenly kept garage, the owner of which reluctantly agreed to try the bad roads. He promised to be ready in a jiffy, but the jiffy extended to forty-five actual minutes and then the good speed hoped for did not materialize.

Finally there was a flat stop, and the garage man cursed bitterly at some employe's carelessness. There was no gas.

"How far?" demanded Sam, too angry to trust himself to further words.

"Ten miles," decided the driver, and Sam tossed him a bill and without a word started on a toilsome ten-mile hike, driven on by the ever-increasing worry over the doings of the shortlegged man, whose passion for Nina Harris had been so clearly revealed.

It seemed many hours indeed before Sam reached the outskirts of the city and boarded a Lidgerwood car, transferring to a Cannon hill car on Riverside avenue. His car was at the railroad crossings below the hill when an automobile passed them at racing speed, disregarding the warning signals of the flagman. Another car traveling as fast was coming, and in the second machine Sam recognized Dave Robinson.

Action was instant with Sam. The sight of the fleeing car and Dave in the one pursuing meant only one thing—Whistler had reached Nina. He flung open a window and was thru the opening while his full-lunged shout reached the ears of the man in the automobile. One look and Dave was ordering his driver to slow down. Sam breathless with the exertion, scrambled in.

"Whistler's got Nina. Think they're making for Union Park district and out over the valley road. Driver says we might intercept them at viaduct."

Sam nodded and proceeded to rid himself of his coats. "Get me to the viaduct ahead and I can stop him," he said. "It's a low one."

The reply was another burst of speed and a sharp turn to the right, off the course of the other car, which had kept straight on for another block. Three minutes later they jolted to a stop on the low hanging viaduct.

Fate seemed to be smiling at last, for, as they slowed, a car turned into the straightaway, saw the waiting men, and the driver, apparently of two minds, wavered; then deciding, came straight on at increased speed.

"Stay on the near side and try and halt him. Shoot at his tires if he disregards," shouted Sam, dashing toward the far side of the structure.

He heard Dave's shout, followed at once by shots and a disgusted roar from his friend. Then as he slipped over the railing, clinging to the coping over the traveled track the radiator of the speeding car showed below. Instantly he

MEISTER PIANO

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $150

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $6 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool and scarf free. Write today for our 100-page illustrated catalog in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for our free catalog. We have a fine selection.

Rothschild & Company, Dept. BL-7, Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU FAT

JUST TRY THIS

Thousands of overfat people have greatly reduced their weight and attained a normal figure by following the advice of others who have used and recommend Marmola Prescription Tablets. Harmless little fat reducers prepared in tablet form from the same ingredients that composed the famous Marmola Prescription *for fat reduction.*

If you are too fat, you owe it to yourself to give these fat reducers a fair trial. Ask your druggist for them or send one dollar to the Marmola Co., 85 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and procure a large case of these tablets.

They are harmless and reduce two, three or four pounds a week without exercise, dieting or any unpleasant effect whatsoever. If you are too fat, try this today.

Why Fear Child Birth

DR. J. H. DYE, obstetric specialist, devoted his life to women's sorrows. He discovered a means of lessening the suffering of labor and unnecessary pain. Write us about irregularity and sterility.

Illustrated Booklet FREE, Sent in Plain Wrapper.

If you wish to give birth to healthy babes, without unnecessary pain, write today for your copy of this booklet. Thousands benefited in last forty years.

Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 191 Lincoln Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Elegant 21 Jewel Gold Filled Watch

Popular 16 size for men or 12 size for boys. Open face or hunting style case, very fine gold filled, plain polish or handsomely engraved. Fitted with an elegant movement, stamped and guaranteed

Every Watch Guaranteed. **21 Jewels Adjusted**

$9.85

C. O. D. 21 Jewels

Our special price for a short time only, $9.85. Fully worth double. Send us your name and address and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it pay Postman $9.85 and watch is yours. If not satisfied after ten day's trial, we will gladly refund your money. A 20-year gold filled double or single vest chain or a Valdemar chain and gold filled knife, only $2.25. ORDER NOW.

DIRECT SALES CO., Dept. 3A, 7732 Saginaw Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

TO ANY HOUSEWIFE For Distributing 10 Doz. Bxs. WASHING Tablets FREE

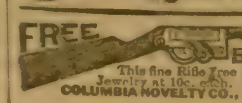
by 2 ft. 3 in. wide. Free for easy distributing only 10 dozen boxes of our wonderful **New-Way Washing Tablets** among your friends and neighbors at 25c a box. No money or experience needed. Act quick, before this offer expires. **Write today for Free Sample Outfit.**

NEW-WAY PRODUCTS CO., 2146 Clybourn Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE AEROPLANE

Boys, we have a real Aeroplane for you. Modeled after famous war machines. Can be had in single or double decker. Has powerful motor. Climbs right off the ground. Looks fine sailing in the air. Strongly built, will last long time. Length 28 in. Wing spread 21 in. Free for selling 20 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Order today. Send no money.

Bingo Co. Dept. 226 Binghamton, N.Y.



FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle Free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 226 East Boston, Mass.

released his hold, dropping straight down.

Sam struck the rear of the top of the automobile, bounced up and down and slid over the back, groping vainly for a staying hold. Then as he almost abandoned hope his foot struck the top of the extra rim and his left hand reached a rod at the side. An angry shout from beneath warned him that his presence was known and that quick action only would mean victory and safety for himself and the girl.

Still clinging to his precarious hold, Sam reached about, drew his automatic and jammed a hole thru the glass oval at the rear even as a bullet tore thru the cover in front of him.

"Drop it," he shouted, and his own weapon rested squarely against the big head of the shortlegged man. "Drop your gun and tell the driver to stop," he repeated, and the other man sullenly obeyed. On the seat beside Whistler the young man could see Nina, bound and gagged, but with courage still high, for she smiled encouragement as the car slowed.

Involuntarily Sam leaned toward her, and the deformed man, with a snakelike movement, snatched at the weapon. As he did so Sam pulled the trigger and saw the vindictive, snarling face whiten as its owner slid slowly from the seat to the floor.

The car stopped with a jar and Sam, dropping to the street, ran to the door and extended his arms to the girl.

"I hope he is not dead," she said, averting her eyes from the still form.

"Badly creased is all," said Northman, examining the man. "This time, tho, he will go to a place where he will have quiet for a long time. Sit still," he ordered the driver, who was showing signs of restlessness. "You may be innocent and you may not. The police will settle that."

"That awful man has my noteboook in his inside pocket," cried Nina. "Don't neglect that."

Northman's fingers began a quick search of the unconscious man's pockets and unearthed a small, brown notebook. He extended it to her.

"You can read shorthand, I know you can," she said. "Keep that and read it—sometime."

A lovely flush rose in her face, and Sam turned with eager questions in his eyes and on his tongue, and slipped the book into his pocket. However, he resisted an impulse to gather the girl into his arms then and there, for the chauffeur and a motorcycle policeman were coming up. He turned to make a formal complaint against the short-legged man and driver.

"I will see to all this for you, Sam," said Robinson, appearing suddenly and much out of breath. "Your way of getting down beats mine. I slipped and fell. Some clever helper I am—if you had needed anything like that."

A taxi without fares had drawn up, while the driver inspected the group curiously. Sam signaled him and assisted Nina to a seat.

"I shall see you clear to the door of your friend's home and even then I am afraid I shall not feel safe about you," he declared tenderly.

"I must tell you how this all happened," she said hurriedly. "Mr. Hadore had arrived and had introduced himself, showing a letter of your grandfather's for authority, and asked to see my old notebooks. This brown one seemed to interest him, and we were studying the pages when Mr. Whistler appeared, struck the old man down and, smothering me with a drug-soaked cloth, carried me to the automobile.

"I had telephoned your friend of Mr. Hadore's arrival—it seems he went across to another railroad when he heard of some slide or wreck and hired an engine and crew—Mr. Robinson started at once and must have seen part of the kidnaping."

"He did and was breaking several varieties of speed laws when he passed the street car on which I was riding. That explains my presence and unconventional method of joining Whistler's party."

"It was the bravest thing I ever knew of a man to do," she declared, and Sam was sure that the hand on his arm gave a little added pressure.

"The brown notebook," Nina said shyly, as they went up the stairs. "I care very much for that—that is, it must not be lost."

There was emphasis enough in Sam's quick promise, for she flushed again and turned hastily to the door, leaving Sam with the sense of delightful mystery connected with the book. He determined to read it over at once. His first visit was to be to the hospital where Mr. Hadore had been taken, and in the taxi en route Sam opened the little book.

So far as his hurried examination revealed, it contained nothing more exciting or mysterious than the stenographic skeleton of scores of business letters, none of which were of interest to Sam except to show the scope of the business of Alvah Northman at a date two years previous.

HE WAS not thru the book when the hospital was reached and there he found Mr. Hadore quite comfortable, his head, however, decorated with a huge bandage.

"You will think I am a poor helper," said the old man, smiling ruefully. "Whistler surely followed me to Miss Harris' abode. He was quite mad with baffled hopes and passion and planned a revenge on both yourself and Rodney. Possibly he hoped to wrest a large sum from Rodney for Miss Harris' release, even if the cord code failed to materialize in his hands. Did you obtain the cord he claimed to have held out on Rodney?"

Sam slapped his leg violently. "I did not, I was so overjoyed at the escape of Nina—Miss Harris, I mean—that——"

"No consequence in comparison at all," said the old man, with a dry smile, "only two millions."

"Two millions or twenty millions would be all the same if put in the opposite side of a scale with that girl," stated Sam hotly, and then was aware that he had been baited, for the black eyes of the old man twinkled like those of a boy.

"I have been rummaging about," said Mr. Hadore, a moment later, "and I find that I could not help you if I would. Certain memoranda has been mislaid or stolen. Very possibly your uncle or Whistler are guilty."

"It's up to me as a fighting proposition. In fact, it is the second most important thing in my life; to make good on that—fortune or no fortune."

"I wish you success. I ask only that you notify me when you are ready to show the code to Lamb & Lamb. I am sure that time will come, even as your wedding to a certain splendid young lady, which should follow your rainbow trail."

"My real rainbow search came to an end and I had my reward when I met Nina and I am pretty sure—well, I am going to know soon whether——" He broke off as the old man chuckled.

"I have talked but little to Miss Harris, but I have reason to believe that you represent to her something absurdly important, vastly more so than codes or fortunes."

Dave Robinson was waiting anxiously at the hotel when Sam returned. He reported that the chauffeur had quite cleared himself, but that Whistler had been held and was safely lodged in the prison hospital. He, also, was curious about the old gentleman.

But Sam waved him to silence for he had once more returned to his study of the little brown book. He had promised Nina to read it and he was going to do so whether there was rhyme or reason in the pages.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and started for the door. "Back in a moment," he called to his startled friend.

In the office below a polite clerk promptly delivered a sealed envelope to him, and Sam hurried back, darting up the stairs when the elevator failed to come quickly enough to suit him.

Before his friend, he flung the book and a two foot length of very dirty cord, knotted and looped crazily. It fell again in the form of a rainbow, and Robinson exclaimed as he grasped it. "This is the original that Uncle Rodney thought he had safely cornered. Where were you keeping it old slyfoot, and why the extreme excitement?"

"Put it in the safe below the first morning of my visit. Been feeding our friends substitute cords ever since. Why am I excited? Because, old pal, I have found the end of the rainbow."

Then while Robinson gasped Sam thumbed the pages of the little book.

"I have the pot of gold, Dave. Listen, here's a letter dictated by grandfather two years ago:

> Messrs. Bunnel & Co., New York, N. Y.: Mail me a copy of the Morse code. Remittance inclosed.

"That's signed by Grandfather Alvah."

"But I don't see——" began Dave.

"You will in a moment! See that knot! I am betting that's a dot in the Morse, and there's four more in the bunch; then there is a loop. Bet that's a dash. Now do you see?"

"The foxy old guy," said Robinson. "Right in your own line and you never, never fell. Oh, boy!"

"And now I had to be helped and shall have to inquire if that violates the provisions," admitted Sam. "Anyway, I am going to decipher this message."

Knot by knot and loop by loop, they went over the length of the cord, Dave jotting down the dots and dashes, as Sam called them off, and there before them lay the completed cabalistic message of the late Alvah Northman. The paper presented the following appearance:

. . . . . , —— —— , . ——— , ... ,
. ——— —— . , —— . . —— , . — . — ,
— — — , . — . — , — — . . , . — .
— , ... —— —— , . . . — , . ——— ,
. . — , —— —— , — , — — . , .
. . , . —— , —— . , —— . . , . — . ,
. ——— , — , ... ——— ,
—— —— , . . . — , . ——— , ... ,
. . — —— . .

He quickly rewrote the paper into English words and letters so it now read

"Play 19- -5- -7, L and L vault. Grandfather Alvah."

Sam Northman drew a long breath. "The rainbow ends in Lamb & Lamb's office, but, Dave, I am afraid I am barred."

"My conscience says no," declared his friend, "but if yours says yes, now is the time to chase right around there and ask Mr. James Lamb for his professional opinion. He's the umpire, as I understand the matter, Sam."

It seemed a good suggestion, for Sam felt it would be no pleasure then or afterward to win the fortune unfairly. If Mr. Lamb, his grandfather's representative approved, however, there could be no question.

"Fully entitled, if you have the right message," said that gentleman briefly, on being questioned. "My instructions were that all records were to be open, and the notebook constitutes a record. When do you wish to open the safe, for he evidently means the old safe in our vault at present?"

"I should like Mr. Robinson, Miss Harris and grandfather's old friend, Mr. Hadore, to be present," said Sam, rather

(Continued on Page 20.)

"Let's take it easy for a while"
—Ches. Field
A CIGARETTE that invites you to enjoy a smoke as you never have before—that's Chesterfield.
Not merely fine tobaccos, mind you, though we use the finest of Turkish and Domestic leaf, but an exclusive blending method that brings out hidden flavors—flavors that others have failed to find.
That's why Chesterfields are different. That's why they satisfy. And this method is a closely guarded secret. That's why none but Chesterfields can satisfy.
Chesterfields reach you in prime shape for smoking — always — because every separate package is wrapped in moisture-proof glassine paper.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
A man's best pal is his smoke
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
They Satisfy

The Prints of a Woman's Shoes

by FRANK A. WILLIAMS

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

OLD Henry Marsden murdered! It didn't seem possible!

Only yesterday afternoon, Charles Sumner, who now stood astounded at the news contained in the "Extra" he held in his hand, had seen and talked to Marsden at the latter's home on the outskirts of the city. Then Marsden had seemed hale and hearty and happy. Apparently not a thing in the world was troubling him and now, according to the undoubtedly authentic account in this newspaper, he was cold in death!

"Some time after midnight last night," read the newspaper account, "Mr. Marsden was stabbed in his bed. Death was practically instantaneous, according to Dr. Fenwick, the coroner. The implement with which Mr. Marsden was stabbed was an instrument with a thin blade much like an old time dagger. It had been removed from the body and has not yet been located. So far no arrests have been made. If the police know of any motive for the crime or if they have any clew to the murderer, they are keeping these matters strictly to themselves."

There was more to the account but nothing of any great importance. Sumner, however, read the entire report thoroly—he was always thoro in everything he did and equally methodical, too. Now, as he mentally tabulated the things he read about the murder, he realized that his first step was to get more of the facts of the case. Next, must come the apprehension of the murderer, for, shocking tho the crime was and wholly unexpected, Sumner's professional instincts were already coming to the front.

Sumner was a detective-lawyer, a detective who tracked down criminals and then aided in their prosecution, or, as the case required, an attorney who brought keen detective ability to his aid in furthering the interests of his clients. So it was not at all surprising, in view of his life-long friendship for old Mr. Marsden, that he should determine to bring his keen intellect to bear on the murder and to try his best to haul the murderer to justice.

Sumner, it may be remarked, was only 27 years of age, but already had firmly established a big reputation for himself in his two chosen lines of endeavor—criminal investigation and the law. Further, his friendship for old Mrs. Marsden, who was about 66 at the time of his death, dated back to Sumner's boyhood, when childless Mr. Marsden had taken a fancy to him.

Folding the newspaper carefully, Sumner placed it in his pocket and then hailed a street car to take him to Marsden's home.

As Sumner had anticipated, a crowd of curiosity seekers had already gathered around the Marsden house, tho they were kept outside of the rusty iron fence encircling the yard by watchful policemen. Inside the grounds a few plain clothes men were scurrying about. Thru the lower windows of the house Sumner caught a glimpse of other people inside.

Making his way thru the crowd and past the policemen who knew him, he gained entrance to the house. Inside the hall, he was greeted by Chief of Police Abraham Tennant.

"Hello, Sumner," exclaimed the chief. "This is bad business."

"It sure is," Sumner replied. "Marsden was a lifelong friend of mine. I hope you've already gotten the murderer, or at least got a good hunch as to who did it."

The chief looked supremely wise for a moment—it was a little way he had—and then, after hesitating for a second or so, leaned close to Sumner.

"A woman did it!" he whispered.

A look of intense amazement spread over Sumner's face at this.

"A woman!" he gasped. "Why, I always thought that Marsden was an inveterate woman hater! He'd never been married, you know, and in all the time I knew him I never had an inkling of a woman's figuring in his life!"

"I know all that," admitted the chief, "but I want to show you something."

The chief led the way thru the house to the main floor bedroom where Marsden always had slept. Sumner was thankful to see that the body had been removed. The chief stalked thru the room—he was a bulky man and his step was heavy—to an open window near Marsden's bed.

"This window was open this way when the body was found," declared the chief. "You know, it rained a little last night. Well, look out of the window at the ground right below here."

Sumner did as directed. Under the window were numerous shoe prints, and the prints were unmistakably, undeniably those of a woman's shoes!

"Why," exclaimed Sumner, turning back to the chief, "this is surprising! You feel certain, of course, that these shoe prints were made by Marsden's slayer?"

"Sure!" declared the chief. "There was mud on the window sill when we started our investigation and some mud on the floor of the room here, near the bed. Yes, those are the shoe prints of Marsden's murderer!"

"I've had the shoe prints photographed and molds taken of them," went on the chief. "Also one of my men traced them down the side of the road. They went about up to the Widow Donnel's home, coming down here! There ain't any prints beyond the widow's home!"

Sumner, gazing abstractly at the chief, thought of all the queer things he knew and had heard about this eccentric character who lived alone on the outskirts of the village. No one, apparently, knew whence she had come or the reason for her coming. For ten years she had brooded there alone, living comfortably and never seeming to lack for money. Had there been anything between her and old Marsden? Were hers the footsteps recorded in the soft earth beneath Marsden's window?

"The Widow Donnel!" whispered Sumner in amazement to the chief. "Now what do you know about that?"

"I don't know anything about it," declared the chief dryly. "I'm simply telling you what's been found. Of course I'm having her watched and all that, but we haven't done anything more than that so far."

"I see," said Sumner. "You don't mind if I ask you some questions about the case, do you? You see I don't know so very much about it yet."

"Shoot ahead!" the chief responded.

"According to the paper," said Sumner, referring to the copy he had placed in his pocket, "Marsden's body was discovered this morning by his old servant, Jenkins, when Marsden failed to get up at his usual hour?"

"Yes. Jenkins came in here, saw what had happened and 'phoned to us right away. He took care not to disturb a thing—he knew the matter was too serious for him to touch anything."

"And the weapon with which the stabbing was done had been removed?"

"Yes, it's gone. We haven't been able to find any trace of it at all."

"Had any one made any threats against Marsden? Is there any motive for the crime?"

"We haven't been able to find any one as yet who made any threats against him," declared the chief. "I haven't been able to find any motive. It wasn't robbery—nothing apparently has been touched, and I never heard of Marsden's having very much money. The whole thing is a pretty dark mystery right now, I'm telling you."

"I'm going over to the Widow Donnel's house!" suddenly exclaimed Sumner. "I may be able to find something there."

IT WAS only a short distance to Mrs. Donnel's home—a rambling, rather gloomy-looking house set well back from the road among a number of evergreen trees. It was a fitting abode for such a queer character.

The Widow Donnel was just setting forth on her afternoon shopping trip. Every afternoon, Sumner knew, she walked to town, rain or shine, to make her purchases for the next day. As Sumner watched her leave the house, he saw a man slide along in the shadows behind her. Evidently she was being watched as the chief had stated.

Sumner watched the widow's progress down the road, casually at first, and then with a more intent gaze. Something had surprised him—caught his eager interest. He saw her turn a bend in the road some distance away. Then he turned toward the house. First, however, he glanced at the side of the road in the soft earth where the chief had told him the woman's shoe prints had been found. Yes, there they were—the prints of small, feminine shoes.

He examined them more carefully and searchingly than he had the prints beneath Marsden's window. When he finally rose again, puzzlement shone in his eyes.

For a moment or so, he stood looking down at the footprints; then, apparently coming to a sudden decision, he entered the Widow Donnel's yard and strode slowly up the path to her front door, looking keenly to left and right for any further shoeprints as he did so.

Some distance from the front door, amid a bed of flowers, his eyes caught a glint from some bright object. He bent to get a closer view. It was a long kitchen knife which had been sharpened and re-sharpened until it had taken on the general appearance of a dagger. There was dried blood on the blade and handle on which were carved these initials: "N. D." And Natalie was the Widow Donnel's first name!

Carefully wrapping the knife in the newspaper which he was still carrying in his pocket, Sumner uncermoniously tried all the windows until he found one that was unlocked and thru this he made his way into a large living-room. He hurried thru this living-room to the front stairs and up them to the Widow Donnel's bedroom. Here he rummaged around in closets and bureau until he found what he wanted—a pair of the Widow Donnel's shoes! Holding these tightly under his arm he hurried downstairs and into the kitchen. There he carefully inspected all the kitchen knives and forks. Apparently satisfied,

Sumner Watched the Widow's Progress Down the Road With a More Intent Gaze.

he finally left the house.

But Sumner did not return at once to Marsden's home. Instead he hurried into the city where he was exceedingly busy for a couple of hours. At the end of this period he had acquired two more bundles—one thick and short, the other long and thin. Carrying these two new parcels with as much care as he gave to the widow's shoes and the knife wrapped in his newspaper, he next hurried to the office of Henry Gordon, the prosecuting attorney. With Gordon he had a rather long conference. Then the two of them jumped into Gordon's automobile and rode out to Marsden's home.

There he showed the widow's shoes to Chief Tennant, and, as tho offering conclusive proof of her guilt, he demonstrated how perfectly the shoes fitted into the prints beneath Marsden's window.

"By Jove!" cried the chief, jumping up. "I'll have the Widow Donnel arrested at once!"

"Wait!" ejaculated Sumner. "What was the motive for the murder?"

"Motive?" cried the chief. "I don't know what the motive was—I don't have to know it. I've evidence enough to hang her as it is—her shoe prints under the window and leading to her home, the kitchen knife with her initials in her own yard! What more do I need than that?"

"There was a motive and a mighty good one for this murder," declared

(Continued on Page 21.)

HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

184—My first is a title of honor, used
By a nation well known to fame.
My second, in skeleton is much abused,
And for many a robbery is to blame.
My whole is a beast of burden, small,
Whose voice gives forth a strident call.

Arithmetic.

185—"How long have we been married?" inquired McManus. Then the wife, who used to be a schoolmarm, gave him an answer that set his head aching. She said:

"I have been married two-thirds of my life, but as you are a dozen years older, you have been my husband six-elevenths of your time on earth."

"It seemed longer," remarked McManus, "but I'll take your word for it."

Can you tell how many years they have been married?

Bird Study.

186—Ornithologists will find one of their feathered friends concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. Remarking his mood, we postponed the request.
2. The captain puffed his pipe with deep satisfaction.
3. By day and night, in gale and storm, our ship sped on.
4. While a gleam of hope remains, fight on.
5. That hero never counted costs.
6. Said the bugler: "When in doubt, play the trumpet."
7. James wanted to eat the cake and have it, too.
8. We must pay the piper when we dance.
9. Knowledge is the key to success.
10. This singular king fights alongside his soldiers.
11. Flaming over the sky came the light of victory.
12. Lost riches seldom return.
13. With awkward stride, but gallant mien, the rookie marched.

Four Word Square.

187—1. Stockings.
2. Discovered by the nose
3. Plural of a French coin
4. Once, formerly.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

180. Pied Poems.

I have no wealth or power or skill.
To broadcast all around;
The world's wide field I may not till,
Nor sow its fallow ground,
But little spots are here and there,
Which I may weed of grief or care

181. Cat and Dog Race.

The cat goes the distance of 162 feet "there and back" in 54 jumps, but as the dog goes 5 feet at a bound, he has to make 17 leaps each way, which is the same as losing 8 feet. Dividing the cat's 54 jumps by 8 and multiplying by 5 shows that the dog would be beaten by 1 foot, 3 inches.

182. Four Word Square.

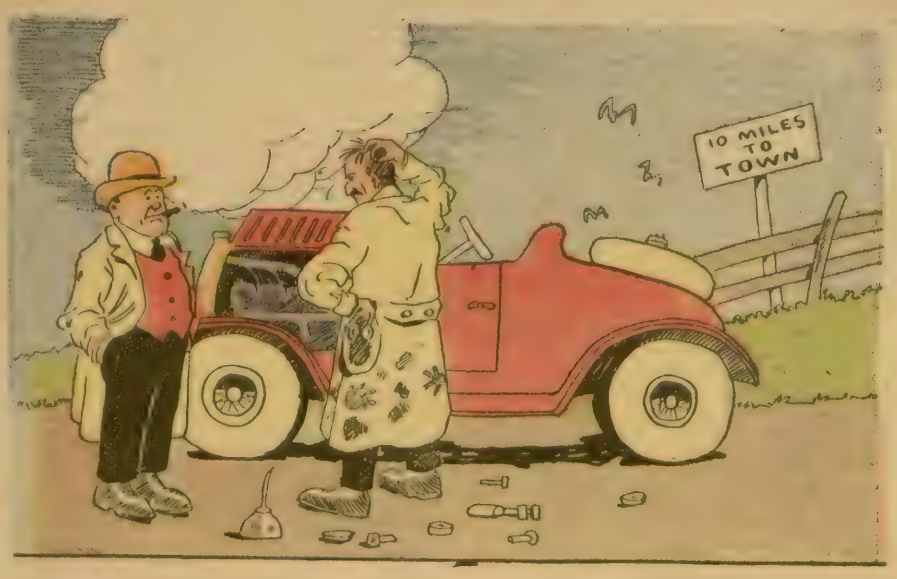
L E A F
E D G E
A G U E
F E E L

183. Queer Geography.

1. Spain, span. 2. Siam, Sam. 3. Asia, Asa. 4. Rhode Island. 5. Kansas in Arkansas. 6. Maryland

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CONSTANT



"An auto is much like a wife."
"Why?"
"Because when either starts giving you trouble there's no end to it."

Son's Looks.

Father—"Well, now that you've seen my son, which side of the house do you think he more closely resembles?"

Genial Friend—"H'm—of course, his full beauty is not yet developed, but surely you should not suggest that he looks like the side of a house!"

His Action.

"When is your brother-in-law coming to visit you again?" asked a neighbor.

"D'know," replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.

"Didn't you invite him?"

"Nope—dared him."—Judge

Nothing to Show for It.

Mr. Jones returned home the other evening in fine spirits. "My dear," said he to his wife, "this afternoon I closed the deal for the new house. I had the title examined, and found it perfectly clear. The examination cost me a hundred dollars but——"

"Now, isn't that a perfect shame!" exclaimed his young wife. "All that money wasted!"

Right Off the Bat.

"There is a use for everything in this world."

"So! Well, tell me the use of a jealous wife."

"Certainly! If there were no jealous wives, how do you suppose homely stenographers would get jobs?"

No Loss of Animation.

"I suppose Crimson Gulch is quieter since the bar closed."

"Not yet," said Cactus Joe. "All you've got to do is to say 'prohibition' and everybody begins to argue at the top of his voice."

Cross Examination.

"I hear you spent four hours last night in a poker den."

"I'gh."

"Were you in this den or not?"

"I was in the anteroom," her husband admitted.

Artificial Flour.

De Smythe had been waltzing with his host's ugly elder daughter, and was now in a corner repairing damages.

Here his would-be papa-in-law espied him, and——

"D'you know," he remarked, referring to De Smythe's late partner, "that girl is the flower of my family, sir?"

"So it seems," answered the young man. "But it's a pity she comes off so, isn't it?" he added, as he made another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat sleeve.

Good Rules.

Young M. D.: "Well, Dad, I'm hanging out my shingle; can't you give me some rules for success?"

"Always write your prescriptions illegibly and your bills very plainly."—Life.

Two of a Kind.

"Your chickens run all over my place. Why don't you have a garden instead?"

"Your garden doesn't stay at home."

"Huh?"

"Your cucumber vines keep running over into my yard."

These Irritating Husbands.

"You must buy me some new clothes. Other women can't tell me from my cook."

"Now, why do you say that, my dear? Has any lady tried to hire you away?"

No Wonder.

Mr. Redd—"Do you know I dreamed I was cranking that flivver of mine?"

Mrs. Redd—"No wonder you are late for breakfast. I thought you never would wake up!"

Temperament.

"They say singing men make great fighters."

"I have known it for several years," murmured the grand opera manager, wearily.

The Tie That Bound.

Lawyer—"On what grounds, madam, do you wish a divorce from your husband?"

Client—"Why, I married him for his money and he has lost everything."

Didn't Really.

"Do you know Jones?"

"I lent him a tenner this morning; I should say I do know him."

"You lent him a tenner? Then I should say you don't know him."

Spendthrifts.

"Where are you going to spend your vacation?"

"Right at home. Wife and I decided to have a turkey for Thanksgiving."

Good Reason.

"Why did you throw up that job I got you as collector for Jones?"

"Why, hang it, I owed money to about all the men he sent me to dun."

Or in "Polly" Syllables.

"Do women talk as much as these newspaper jokers claim they do?" asked the young man.

"Well, that depends," replied Mr. Gabb. "When you are courting them they talk in monosyllables, but after you marry them they talk in monologues."

Or a Boat-son.

Miss Chatterbox—"I must tell you the sad story of my sister some day. Poor girl, she's a widow, and she's looking for a captain to steer her thru the stormy seas of life!"

Naval Friend—"She doesn't require a captain—it's a second mate she wants!"

Heart's Desire

GRANDFATHER calls me "a fortunate lad."
Not like the barefooted boy of his day;
Dozens of playthings, a prosperous dad—
All *he* could boast was his den in the hay,
Marbles, a knife and his little dog Tray.
Gee! but I'd swap, if the truth could be known!
What do I care for this toy-store display?
Why don't they give me a dog of my own?

Tom, with his "foxy," could never be sad;
Larry's bull-pup is so frisky and gay;
Bob owns an Airedale, the best to be had;
Ted has a pedigreed collie—but, say,
I'd be content with a little old stray,
Good for a scrimmage, a hike or a bone,
Keen to be pals in his funny dog way—
Why don't they give me a dog of my own?

Father calls pets an extravagant fad,
Gives me a quarter and says, "Run and play!"
Mother says puppies have fits and go mad,
Chew up the curtains, and never obey;
Auntie says butlers and maids wouldn't stay;
Sister cries "Dog!" in a horrified tone.
Life is a sham, and the future is gray!
Why don't they give me a dog of my own?

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN, *in Life*

One on the Barber.

Customer—"Is is true that the edge of a razor improves if it is laid aside for a while after honing it?"

Barber—"Yes."

Customer—"Then you'd better lay aside the razor you've just used on me for about four thousand years."

Heading Him Off.

"Now, Rollo, I'll tell you a nice fairy story. Once there was a woodchopper——"

"Aw, cut it out. I'm tired of hearing about the Kaiser."

Oh!

"Does success mean getting what you want?" asked the Young Man.

"No," replied the Old Man. "Success isn't so much getting what you want as getting what other people want."

DON'T NEGLECT A RHEUMATIC PAIN

Go after it with Sloan's Liniment before it gets dangerous.

Apply a little, don't rub, let it penetrate, and—good-by twinge! Same for external aches, pains, strains, stiffness of joints or muscles, lameness, bruises.

Instant relief without mussiness or soiled clothing. Reliable—the biggest selling liniment year after year. Economical by reason of enormous sales. Keep a big bottle ready at all times. Ask your druggist for Sloan's Liniment. 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment *Keep it handy*

Elegant 21-JEWEL WATCH

Popular 12, 16 or 18 size open face, screw back and bezel, stem wind and set, beautifully designed or plain polished gold-filled case; fitted with fine damaskeened movement, stamped and **Guaranteed 21-Jewels** adjusted, and the price is only $9.95, cash or C. O. D.; worth double. **$9.95**

Send Your Name and Address and we'll send watch by parcel post. When you receive it pay the postman $9.95 and it is yours. If cash is sent in advance, will enclose handsome fob FREE. Hunting case $1.00 extra. **Money refunded if not as represented.** Send for one today—you'll be delighted. Our 288-page Catalog of Bargains in Watches and General Merchandise free with each order.
U. S. A., B 4239 Lincoln Ave., CHICAGO

IS YOUR HEALTH WORTH TWO CENTS TO YOU?

If you suffer from Stomach Troubles, Headache, Nervousness, Constipation, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Indigestion, Pains in the Back, Insomnia, Tired Feeling in the Mornings, Impure Blood, a letter giving your address will bring you by return mail
ENTIRELY FREE
without obligation, a full three days treatment of JUVITO, the great pure herb Health Restorer. Endorsed by thousands of satisfied users. Address
JUVITO LABORATORY
South Hills Branch 47, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

You MUST read the remarkable book that has been suppressed over 100 YEARS.
Sent by mail prepaid only 50c.
If, after you read this sensational masterpiece, you do not think it is worth TEN TIMES 50c we will refund your money.
KNOW THE TRUTH! You will be STARTLED! Order at once.
Truth Pub. Co., Dept. E.S., 1400 Broadway, New York

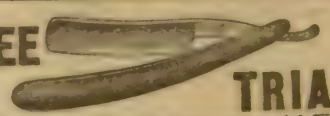
$10 PAYS FOR TEN SHARES

and holds for 30 days 100 shares at present prices. Refinery now operating day and night. Earning dividends. Additional capital needed for pipe-line, storage, and enlarging plant. Refineries pay 100 to 400 per cent.
TEXOIL REFINING COMPANY,
354 Hines Building, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
AGENTS WANTED

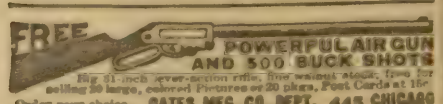
INFLUENZA

Killed more people in 1918 than the world war. "EPIDEMIC WILL PROBABLY RETURN THIS YEAR" warns U. S. Public Health Service—BE PREPARED—J. R. COMPOUND is its worst enemy. Used and indorsed by many prominent physicians. SEND NO MONEY—Large bottle sent Parcel Post C.O.D. for $1.50. Address J. R. Mfg. Co., 3139 Southport Ave., Chicago.

FREE TRIAL



Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today. JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 1108 CHICAGO, ILL.



Big 41-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 30 large, colored Pictures or 20 plays. Post Cards at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 445 CHICAGO

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—overcomes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS

PILES FREE TREATMENT
We pay postage and send Red Cross Pile and Fistula treatment free.
REA CO. Dept 75 Minneapolis Minn

The Daughter of Dance Hall Kate

(Continued From Page 4)

wrote that a private tutor must be engaged. Every detail of her daughter's life and education was pondered over and decided upon in advance. The possession of money with which to accomplish so many wonders must be accounted for, however. After numerous attempts she composed a letter agreeable to her fancy, telling the child and her nurse of the discovery of a mine of fabulous richness in which she was part owner. Dreaming, ever dreaming, she created herself, in her own mind, the woman she longed to be. Subconsciously she became a clean, clever, upright business woman, the heroine of numerous brilliant deals, all of which were written about to the girl at home.

A woman, even of the Kate Marsden type, cannot think in terms of decency and live the life of a bad woman. Unconsciously she had dedicated her life to her love for the unnamed babe. Unwittingly she purged herself of her years of sin. Day by day she drew further apart from the scum with which she was forced to associate. Only a spark was needed to kindle the fire of complete revolt.

Believers in fore-ordination may be able to reconcile the matter in their own minds. Others may call it an incident. From the beginning of all time it may have been decreed that "Long Jake" Spew, whisky-maddened, inflamed, filled with primitive lust for a frowsy, red-haired girl, would set finger to the trigger which, while it took two souls uncleansed to their Maker, would ignite the flames from which would emerge phoenix-like a new and better Kate Marsden.

CHAPTER III:
JULIA MARSDEN.

FOR the first time in her stunted life Kate Marsden now knew true happiness. The little town of Oregon, Ill., received her with open arms. To the friends and neighbors who flocked to the DeWitt cottage to meet "Julia Marsden's grown-up sister," she was the successful business woman, retired after a busy and brilliant career. Long before her arrival, her liberality towards Julia had made the latter an object of envy and gossip in a vicinity where private tutors are unknown and where a few thousand dollars in the bank means a life of indolence. Business women are not usually popular in country towns. Imagination had pictured her to Oregonites as a sharp-nosed, ill-featured old maid. Instead they found her a woman still in her early thirties, handsome, refined, congenial, and a clever talker. Freed from her bondage, she bubbled over with animal spirits. The best society received her in its midst. She quickly adjusted herself to the role she had given herself to play and, after the first few days, the hideous nightmare of the past seemed destined to fade into obscurity.

Julia, her daughter, was a source of never-ending wonder to Kate Marsden. In her she found not the little child in pigtails her imagination had pictured, but a girl budding into ripe womanhood. Resembling the older woman in a dark, peculiar way, Julia, thanks to the teachings laid down by Kate and followed closely by Mrs. DeWitt, had formed the habit of looking at life thru darkened glasses. Generations back a Puritanical streak must have been grafted into the blood. Her studies had developed it to the exclusion of all else. Instead of the taint the mother feared to find, the girl was a lay religieuse—almost to fanaticism. To her, there was no middle ground. Right was right; wrong was wrong. There could be no debate.

The study of Julia brought the first trace of unhappiness to Kate Marsden's new life. At heart she knew that she was a sinner. To win and hold the love of her daughter was her great desire. To outward appearances the girl loved her in a cold half-hearted manner. Yet instinctively Kate felt that she was under the ban of suspicion—that, in her subconscious mind, Julia mistrusted her without being able to analyze her reasons. She realized that the girl, with her iron-clad theories of right and her misanthropic turn of mind, would never forgive if she learned the truth. There was only one thing to do—she must win Julia over so completely that if exposure ever came she would cleave to her mother even tho the whole world looked askance.

But every effort to establish anything more than friendly relations met with the same shy coldness. Even that which to another young woman would have meant everything failed to stir her from her apathy. Frightened, living under a blanket of fear, Kate Marsden set on foot a campaign of lavish expenditure that will go down in history among the thrifty Oregon townspeople. Just at the edge of town, surmounting a great knoll overlooking the broad Rock River, surrounded by great oaks and spacious velvety lawns, stood Lyttle's "cottage," a rambling stone mansion of the early Colonial style, the former summer home of a metropolitan millionaire. After Lyttle died, his heirs had offered it for sale. Beyond the means and desires of the frugal Oregonites, finding no favor in the eyes of the few people from the city who had looked it over, it had stood idle, a prey for small boys and such tramps as managed to elude the vigilance of the town's one or two officers of the law.

Kate Marsden purchased it and, aided by a local contractor, put it in shape for inhabiting. The furnishings, all shipped from the big city, were of the best. In it she installed herself and Julia. An automobile, dresses, servants—everything that her heart could wish were Julia's to command. In a dull, apathetic way the girl was thankful. Yet she preferred her Browning to her automobile, her Bible to the finest gowns that local dressmakers could create, her church meetings to a motor ride over the wonderful country roads. Listlessly she appeared to appreciate what was being done for her, yet the spark of love was lacking. At the end of two years Kate Marsden found her daughter as much an unsolved mystery as on the first day she had set foot in Oregon.

IT WAS thru an accident that she finally stumbled upon the solution of the problem. For several days Julia had appeared more lackadaisical than usual, declining invitations that even common courtesy urged her to accept. Kate, fearing that the younger woman was ill, was more solicitous then ever. But every advance met with the same chill rebuff. Entering her daughter's room hurriedly one afternoon, she found her in tears, her Bible open on the table before her. Surprised, she questioned the girl.

"I was praying," Julia replied drably, her voice choking with sobs.

Kate's smile belied her feelings. "Praying?" she asked. "Surely, little sister, you have more now than the average girl. What have you to ask for?"

The other gulped hard. Then suddenly she burst forth, "Oh, I was praying for you—for you—for you!"

Kate gasped. For a second she imagined that her secret was known to the other and than the carefully erected framework of years was about to fall. "For me?" she asked, stifling her emotion.

Julia, aroused from her usual lethargy, burst forth in a torrent of words. "You have been money-mad!" she cried. "In your wild scramble for gold you have paid no attention to your spiritual welfare. Is money more than the hereafter? You never attend church. You never pray. I have prayed for you—often—but my prayers remain unanswered. I doubt if you even read your Bible. Do you?"

With tear-moistened eyes Kate shook her head, tho the reaction was so absurdly unexpected and relieving she really wanted to laugh. She longed then and there to confess her sins to the younger woman, to ask forgiveness and cast aside the load of care she had carried thru the years. She could have started life anew—a better and more joyous life than the one she had tried to bury. But she knew Julia then as she had never known her before—knew her for the cold-blooded youthful fanatic she was, the zealot who, shielded from life's storms herself, had no pity for the poor derelict who accidentally stumbles by the wayside. She feared to open her heart. Fighting back the words she dared not utter, she knelt beside the younger woman and, her face buried in the other's lap, cried like a little child.

The incident gave Kate Marsden the opening she had so long sought. One more step in hypocrisy mattered little. To gain the love of her daughter meant everything. On the following Sunday she attended church services for the first time. The kindly old minister met her with words of honest greeting. The ice once broken, she commenced to take an active interest in church affairs. Inside of a few weeks she was a member of the various petty guilds and societies identified with the congregation.

Then came the day when she professed herself ready to accept the teachings of The Master. Deep within her world-

HEALS CHRONIC LEG SORES

Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 8, 1109 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., practicing in Kansas City since 1886, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose Ulcers without knife or pain. Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illust'd book. Adv.

Greatest and Best Phonograph Bargain Ever Offered

Send $1.00 Only

This Wonderful $25 Phonograph for Only $10.98

$1.00 **$1.00**

Colonial Mahogany Cabinet, guaranteed in every respect. Has worm gear; noiseless powerful spring motor; extra loud and wonderful clear-toned sound box; has an automatic regulator, starter and stopper; all metal parts highly nickeled. Will last a lifetime. If machine is satisfactory pay balance of $9.98.

Plays Victor, Columbia, Emerson, etc., and all records, any size, any cut, all makes.

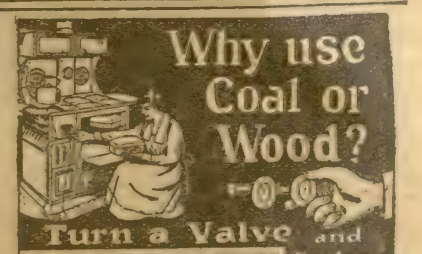
Machine shipped same day we receive your dollar.

Your money refunded if you are not satisfied. A very unusual offer.

Send $1.00 Today

Columbia Sales Company
800 BROAD STREET, DEPT. 86, NEWARK, N. J.

Why use Coal or Wood?



Turn a Valve and **Cook or Heat**

THE OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER makes any cooking or heating stove a gas stove. Burns coal oil (kerosene). No coal or wood. Cooks and bakes better. Cheaper. Keeps your home warmer. You regulate flame. FITS ANY STOVE ANYWHERE. No fires to start, no ashes, no chopping, shoveling, poking and dragging of coal. Saves hours of work and loads of dirt. Simple. Safe. Easily put in or taken out. No damage to stove. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands of delighted users. In use eight years. Money-Back Guarantee. Free literature
AGENTS WANTED
OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER & MACHINE CO., 1809 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Western Orders Shipped From Frisco.

The Oliver Oil Gas Burner makes 2 gals. oil equal 97 lbs. coal

Set in Solid Gold — Set in Solid Gold

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.00 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (Ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.
Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av. Dept. 5018 Chicago

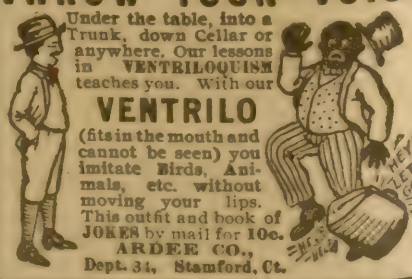
WITTE

2 H-P. Pulls 2¾

Big Value—Big Surplus power. Immediate Shipment. Offer includes engine on skids—ready to use. Life guarantee against defects. **$44.95 Now**
LOW PRICES—DIRECT
Any size—2 to 30 H-P.—Stationary, Portable or Saw-Rig. New book, latest list FREE.—Ed. H. Witte, Pres.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS
2525 Oakland Avenue KANSAS CITY, MO.
2525 Empire Building PITTSBURGH, PA.

THROW YOUR VOICE



Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in VENTRILOQUISM teaches you. With our

VENTRILO

(fits in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc. without moving your lips. This outfit and book of JOKES by mail for 10c.
ARDEE CO.,
Dept. 34, Stamford, Ct.

FREE WRIST WATCH & RING

FREE

10 YEAR GUARANTEE

We positively give a Genuine Sterling Silver Wrist Watch, fitted with a leather strap and proper size. A watch you will be proud of. Guaranteed to run and give perfect satisfaction—and a beautiful stone set ring, for selling only 40 of our large, beautifully colored Art & Religious Pictures on our special 15c plan. They sell on sight—4 and 5 in every home. People go wild over them. Order pictures today. We trust you. When sold send us money collected and Watch & Ring are yours. Many other valuable prizes given for selling only 30 pictures as shown on our big premium list we send with pictures. Lace Curtains, Silverware, Gold Lockets & Bracelets, Kodaks, Watches, etc. All Premiums Guaranteed. Big cash commission if preferred.
GAIR MFG. CO., DEPT. 916 CHICAGO, ILL.

scorn, heart she knew that every word she uttered was a falsehood, yet the beaming face of the new Julia more than recompensed for the sin. The following Sunday she was received into full membership. Following her baptism little had been said by the younger woman until home was reached. Then suddenly Julia threw her arms about Kate's neck and burst into joyous sobs while she smothered her with kisses. It was the first real show of love she had ever made. It repaid all the effort that Kate Marsden had given, the while it drew her closer to the daughter she dared not acknowledge.

From that time on the two women, having something in common, became more closely associated. At last Kate found herself established on a firm foundation in her daughter's heart. Once she had become committed to a thing, she was no sluggard. To bring herself into the state of hypocrisy her love for Julia demanded, she was forced to hold many communions with herself. She reached the conclusion that the end justified the means.

Kate seized upon the new companionship with her daughter in an effort to change the latter's trend of thought. Together they motored about the countryside visiting the sick, caring for the needy. Her purse was always open to those in distress. Julia assisted in a half-hearted way, yet Kate could see that in the stern, unrelenting mind of the girl, there was no middle path—no hope of redemption for the sinner. She knew that when the time came for her exposure—and despite her every effort she could not rid herself of the thought that sooner or later the daughter must learn the truth—there would be no forgiveness.

And knowing that she continued going from one extreme as she had gone to the other and for the same reason—love. Her affected religion brought her no solace. She felt that she was filching her happiness. She longed for human understanding, for some sympathetic friend into whose ear she could pour her troubles. Hers was a case for the confessional; hers a disease of the mind, not of the body. But certain events were to intervene ere she might even view from a distance the Promised Land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES.

A SUMMER morning along Rock River. Like a curtain the mists lifted, revealing the wide-rolling prairies with their fields of ripening grain. The broad river in the foreground twinkled like a ribbon of silver under the morning sun, the great trees stood with their overhanging branches, their carpet of green still sparkling with the morning dew. Kate Marsden, her skirts tucked up to avoid the dampness, forgot her troubles for the moment as she straightened up from her labors among the flowers of her garden and surveyed the picture. Forgotten was the old life with its horrors, its beastiality, its primitive passions. This was her recreation—the only relief she could find after a night of sleeplessness. In the distance the morning passenger train shrieked its discordant greeting to the awakening village as it stopped at the depot. Across the hedge a Bob White whistled his cheery name. Kate's head lifted and with a smile she gave the bird answer.

"Good morning!"

A stranger stepped out of the bushes and advanced towards her, his firm white teeth showing in a smile as he neared her.

"Frank!" she gasped, drawing away from him.

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear, ah—Wildcat. Is this your usual custom—to visit with the birds?"

Her lips parted in a wan attempt at smiling. "I knew it had to come sooner or later. I have been too happy. God! When I am out here in the early morning among the flowers I almost forget that there is such a viper as you. In time I might almost have learned to forgive."

"Really?" He laughed good-naturedly. "Sometimes, Kate, during the past few days that I've been spying upon you—oh, yes, I've been watching you for some time now—ever since I learned that you had located here; in fact, I've been staying over at Dixon just for the purpose of looking over the ground—sometimes I, too, feel that I'd like to settle down and live a life of leisurely respectability. I'm almost tempted to accept that proposal of marriage you made to me some twenty years ago and set myself up on your little estate here as a gentleman. Even wickedness palls, you know." He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

She turned to him appealingly. "Frank, for God's sake go away and leave me alone! I do so want to be happy. This is the first opportunity I've had since—since I left home and friends for—for you. Can't you see what it means to Julia—our daughter?"

He laughed. "Our daughter. Bless her little soul, how is she? Why, she's the key to the whole situation. How glad she'll be to learn that her father is Frank Wescotte, crook, gambler—oh, I admit the titles. She's a bigoted little prig, thanks to your teachings. How happy our little Julia will be when she finds that her talented sister is in reality her mother, the one-time proprietor of an Alaskan dance-hall, a woman known to the denizens of her place as the Wildcat!"

She silenced him with a gesture. "I know that it will do no good to appeal to you on my account. I know you too well for that. It's for her that I'm pleading. Let her know happiness. She has learned to love me. Think what it would mean to a girl of her character to know that a woman like me is her mother. In my role of sister I have told her what a wonderful woman her mother was. It was my mother I described to her only—I—I—oh, can't you understand? And her father. I described her father to her—I've painted you every thing noble and good. Maybe I could grow to be like my mother was. Frank. Won't you let me? I'll pay you if it's money you want—if you will give me your word of honor never to bother me again. That was your one redeeming characteristic, Frank—you never broke your word—except that once and maybe—maybe that was partly my fault. Won't you do as I ask? Please?"

Wescotte sneered. "Very pretty. I must confess. Really Kate, you'd have made a deucedly fine actress—one of the emotional type. If you wasn't so old you might make a try-out for the stage. A little dye would cover up your scattering of gray hairs."

"Will you go?" she wailed.

"Me?" He laughed harshly. "I should say not! Why, I've already rented rooms here in Oregon and I'm going to settle down to a life of decency and the practice of my profession. I used to be a fairly good physician, you know. I want to be where I can watch you and see that you are raising our daughter right. And, besides, Kate, I've learned that you've accumulated quite a fortune. I'm thinking seriously of having you divide it with me. If you have any ready cash, you might tune it over now. It would shut my mouth for the time."

Her eyes lighted up with new hope. "I have only a few hundred in the bank, Frank. The rest is invested. But perhaps I can borrow. If a few thousand—if you will go away. I—"

"Naturally. Naturally," Wescotte sneered. "Since when did you reach the conclusion that I was a cheap skate? Now look here!" he exclaimed, his voice suddenly taking an angry tone, "you're a rich woman. Oh, I've inquired into your financial standing. You're estimated at close to two hundred thousand. I want it. Get me? Every cent you've got! That and that alone is the price of my silence."

"But Julia," she wailed. "Surely you wouldn't rob her our own daughter?"

WESCOTTE coolly lighted a cigarette and puffed thoughtfully for a second before replying. "For the sake of our precious daughter—that is, you say she's such, but I've only your word for it—let her get out and hunt up another father in the world as good as I've been to her. It's either that or the truth." He chuckled at the look of consternation in Kate's face.

Then suddenly the softness in Kate Marsden welled to the surface. For a second she was the "Wildcat" of old, only now she was battling for her child. "I'll see you damned first!" she exclaimed angrily. "I'll take Julia and go away. You bet if you want to! You devil!" Frankie sat erect in the chair. "I'll tell her myself if need be!" She stopped, panting with her own anger.

The cool, taunting smile never left Wescotte's face. "Pretty kitty, pretty kitty!" he mocked. "Do you remember that old trick of mine of seizing your wrist and twisting it? It was always a sure cure for your hallucinations and it never left a mark nor a bruise." He took a step towards her, his hand outstretched.

Kate shrank back. "I'll scream for help!" she cried.

Wescotte seized her by the wrist. "Why don't you yell?" he laughed. "I'll tell you why. It's because you know damned well that if you do it will force me to tell the truth and you don't want to see our pretty Julia hang her head in shame. I've played your hand, and now—now—I've got you!"

"You don't!" A look of [illegible]

Who was the burly stranger that frustrated Frank Wescotte in his nefarious blackmailing scheme? And was Wescotte silenced forever? The second installment of "The Daughter of Dance-hall Kate" will appear in the Nov. 29th issue of the Ledger and will well repay you for ordering your copy beforehand.

Barring Certain Donkeys.

AN [illegible] agricultural show is [illegible] each year in a certain village in the south of Ireland. Among the many competitions for the encouragement of thrift and cleanliness is one for the best turned-out donkey and cart. The prize for this was usually won by either the local doctor or the local solicitor. After one year's show the farmers and working classes protested that it was not quite fair to expect their animals to compete successfully with the well-cared-for and well-groomed animals of those who got credit for the prize.

In consequence of this protest the following notice in connection with this competition appeared in the show placard for the following year:

"Civil, legal and medical donkeys excluded."

Wisdom of Betty.

The family had a picnic. When supper had been eaten everybody wandered slowly out of the park toward the car line. Suddenly Betty turned and ran jumping back toward the spot where the lunch had been spread.

"Betty, come back," said mother.

Betty ran faster, without making any excuse for her conduct.

"What are you going back for? Why don't you come when I call?" cried mother to Betty's retreating back.

"Just a minute, mother," called back Betty. "I want to get my gum. I parked it on one of the benches."

Camel Cigarettes

CAMELS are as delightful to your taste as they are new. And, so satisfying that they meet every cigarette desire you ever have had.

Camels are unusual; in fact they're unlike any cigarette you ever smoked. That's because they're an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobacco, producing a quality that meets your taste as no other cigarette ever did.

Camels expert blend eliminates bite, and, it frees the cigarettes from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or any unpleasant cigaretty odor. You can smoke Camels as liberally as you like without tiring your taste.

You have only to get personally acquainted with the expert Camel blend to know that you prefer it to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

For your own satisfaction compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are sold in sanitarily sealed packages of 20 cigarettes, or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine paper-covered carton.

$3.50 a Month Buys a Genuine KIMBALL ORGAN

At Factory Prices

FREE: Music lessons: attention by ... New Diagram System ... We will send them ... able people anywhere, on ... easy payments ... Operating the ... organ factory in the world ... Kimball system positively ... saves you $25 to $50 on strictly first-class organs.

Send for Money-Saving Plan and FREE CATALOG

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half century's manufacturing experience, our enormously strong guarantee mean much to you.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 3000 Kimball Hall, Chicago

Please send me FREE your latest Organ Catalog, factory distributing prices and the Nation's Home Songs with words and music FREE.

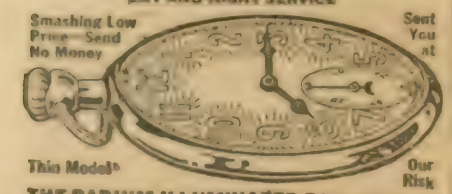
Name .....

City ..... State .....

21 JEWEL RADIUM DIAL GOLD FILLED WATCH

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Smashing Low Price—Send No Money



Sent You at Our Risk

This Model

THE RADIUM ILLUMINATED DIAL GLOWS during the dark hours of the night. During the day, the raised figures indicate every hour clearly, as on railway watches. Think of it—a 16 size gold filled or silverine open face case, screw bezel and back plain polished or engraved with a 21 jewel radium dial movement, for only $9.96—exactly half price. But send no money, simply your name and address, and this elegant radium dial watch will be sent you by parcel post. When you receive it, pay postman $9.96 and watch is yours. If not satisfactory after 10 days' trial we will cheerfully refund your money. Write for watch today.

M. BYRNE & CO., Dept. 1MR, Chicago, Ill.

PYRO-DENTALINE

An Efficient Remedy for Pyorrhea

Loosening teeth; red, spongy gums, a bad breath—sure signs of an unhealthy mouth. 90% of these cases indicate Pyorrhea. That dread disease rots the teeth, decays the gums, sends its poisonous pus ... system.

... in every ten have this malignant disease. Dentaline is an efficient preventative—a ... for this and other mouth diseases.

Preserves teeth, keeps gums firm and healthy, breath pure and sweet. An antiseptic for sores, cuts, wounds and for gargling.

Enjoy your food and health. Use Pyro-Dentaline. Descriptive folder sent free, but ... now. Send $1.00 today for 8-oz. ... Mention your druggist's name.

PYRO-DENTALINE LABORATORIES Dept. 20 Milwaukee, Wis.

Remove Unsightly Pimples

Marvelous CLEAR-TONE Quickly Relieves Most Stubborn Cases

"CLEAR-TONE did wonders for me," says Mr. Kemp. "My face was a sight—I was ashamed to go anywhere. I used CLEAR-TONE—the pimples disappeared quickly never returned." Mrs. Childs says, "CLEAR-TONE after one full treatment made my skin clear and healthy." Everyone who has distressing skin eruptions, pimples, acne, blackheads, should know about CLEAR-TONE—a simple home remedy—costs just a trifle. Not a paste—no need to wear a mask. You can easily try CLEAR-TONE—simply send name to Givens Chemical Co., Kansas City, Mo. They will gladly send you full size $2 treatment—send no money—just pay postman when he delivers your CLEAR-TONE. Money back if not satisfied. Send name today to GIVENS CHEMICAL CO., 104 Chemical Building, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE

We give your choice of 2 pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains or 3 Rings and Bracelet gold plated, guaranteed.

Free for selling our famous ROSEBUD SALVE at 25c a box. Household remedy for burns, letter, sores, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Used for 25 years. Easy to sell. We send 8 boxes postpaid on credit. Trust you until sold. Big Catalog of other premiums—watches, silverware, jewelry, etc. sent with salve. Write today and get started, our plan is easiest and best!

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 200 Woodsboro, Md.

YOUR HEART

Try Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets

In use 25 years. 1000 References Furnished. $1.00 per box at druggists. Trial treatment mailed free. Address

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 866, Augusta, Maine

HEAD ACHES FLU NEU-RAL-GIA WOMEN'S ACHES

AK

ASK FOR A-K TABLETS

PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE

Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, nickel trim and popular records, is yours. A real ... with ... Just a few ... for selling ... for large ... or 25 ... Send ... Mention ... factory guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 945 CHICAGO

One Thousand Dollars an Inch

(Continued From Page 6)

the city engineer surveying Smartley's lot, and, knowing its owner as well as he did, he had no doubt that the crafty politician had made sure of his ground before making his threat. Holtzner closed the shop an hour earlier than his usual time that night and took himself posthaste to the telegraph office.

He wasted three telegraph blanks before he got one worded short enough and explicit enough to suit him.

"Mister A. B. Blackstone," the clerk read.

"In der National Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

"Der factory we have built one inch too much on Schmartley's lot. We got to move it. We can't." Ground-rent we got it to pay. What must I do, quick? Don't pay for this telegraph; me, I am paying it. HOLTZNER."

The clerk looked up from the message, smiled, presumably at an imaginary somebody passing the door, as he ran his pencil thru the last sentence, and returned twenty-nine cents of Holtzner's dollar.

The following morning Holtzner received a telegram from Chicago:

Make certain factory is on Smartley's ground. If so, offer five hundred dollars for title. If offer refused, have one inch cut from side of building. Home in three weeks. BLACKSTONE.

"Cut one inch from der wall off?" Holtzner reflected, as he plowed a floury hand thoughtfully thru his hair. "Cut one inch from der wall off! Dot costs more as five hundred dollars, I bet me. Suppose once——" and he stopped short, as a happy thought slowly drifted his way. "But I make myself sure first," he concluded, and slipped the telegram in his pocket.

"Fritz!" he called to one of the bakers. "Come mind der shop once; some business I got to see about outside."

At the city hall Holtzner interviewed the city engineer and learned from that official that Smartley had made no false statement. Not satisfied with this, however, he had Blackstone's architect, assisted by the building contractor, resurvey the property. Here the matter was argued pro and con, and, finally, hot and heavy, architect and contractor, each contending that the other was at fault. But wherever the blame lay, the undisputed fact remained that A. B. Blackstone's cracker factory, for one inch of its entire length—one hundred and fifty feet—occupied Aleck Smartley's ground.

Holtzner called the building contractor aside and held a long and animated talk with him, during which the little Dutchman, quite contrary to his usual, outspoken nature, seemed to be in great fear of being overheard. They walked back and forth and up and down the length of Smartley's vacant lot and discussed the abutting wall of the cracker factory from various angles.

"Now, we keep this by myself and yourself, Mr. Arburg," Holtzner impressed on the building contractor, at the end of their discussion.

Then back to the city hall he went again, to look for Alderman Smartley. He found this man in the mayor's office, in a confidential talk with a lawyer. Disregarding the formality of excusing himself, Holtzner interrupted [illegible] he said, very briskly, "five hundred dollars Mr. Blackstone gives you by me for one inch from your ground, which his factory is on it—and not again does he offer it. Now," and Holtzner folded his arms across his chest, "will you take it or won't you?"

Smartley laughed outright. "Not by a d—d sight will I take it," then turned his back in Holtzner's face and calmly resumed his interrupted conversation.

Without more ado—unless it were a glint of satisfaction [illegible] expression in his face—Holtzner took his leave. He walked across town again like a man going somewhere in particular and bent on doing something of grave importance when he gets there.

Arrived at the cracker factory, he called the contractor aside once more, and they held another strictly private and somewhat lengthy confabulation, which even the brick wall under discussion could not have heard—if walls, as is said, sometimes have ears.

THE following day the only hardware store in Blankly sold completely out of cold-chisels and heavy hammers, and a score of laborers went to work chipping brick from the north wall of the Blackstone Cracker Factory. But before these men climbed the newly-erected scaffolding, Holtzner had a secret word or two with each of them. And to each of them he gave "hush-money" for some purpose, with the admonition to "keep this by yourself."

It became the town talk, this very remarkable job of partly clipping away an entire side of a three-story brick building in order to meet the headstrong purpose of Alderman Smartley—this fixed resolve of his not to yield an inch to his sworn enemy, A. B. Blackstone.

And it was a tedious job, and one in which Alderman Smartley of the Fourth took great pleasure in covertly watching. Each day he would stroll leisurely past the building, delay awhile to absently watch the grading of his lot, and mentally calculate how much the labor on the opposite wall was lessening A. B. Blackstone's bank account. Every sound of the hammer and chisel was sweetest music to Aleck Smartley's ears. The second round of the fight was on.

The work was completed, however, and the foundation of Smartley's factory well under way before Blackstone returned from Chicago, and Smartley was congratulating himself that the protecting wall of his enemy's would allow a considerable saving of brick in his own adjoining wall.

Carl Holtzner evinced an unusual interest in the erection of Smartley's factory, an interest that seemed to afford him a deal of satisfaction, strange tho it appear. Not a day went by that he did not run a calculating eye over the gradually rising walls, and inwardly chafe at the delay. Indeed, Smartly himself could not have manifested more impatience to see the factory completed.

"Carl," Blackstone inquired one morning, about two weeks after his return, what is there between you and Contractor Arburg?" There was a slightly troubled expression in Blackstone's frown. "He won't present his bill for the extra work in cutting an inch from the north wall, nor will he tell me the amount. How about it?"

Holtzner shifted his pipe to a new position in his mouth. "Y-es," he returned, evasively, "it's all right, Mr. Blackstone."

"But it isn't all right, Carl," Blackstone asserted, impatiently. "I don't play in business matters, as you know; and now that the factory is completed, I want all bills paid and out of the way."

"Mr. Blackstone," Holtzner inquired, with highly elevated eyebrows, "you have some confidence by me, ain't it?"

"Y-es, Carl, but——"

"Then it's all right," Holtzner broke in, confidently; and then with an air of finality: 'Mr. Arburg, after while, brings his bill—an' der bill gets paid."

Holtzner would talk no more on the subject after this, and Blackstone, tho confident of his employe's loyalty, wondered at the knowing smile which overspread his face whenever the matter was mentioned in the future.

WHEN the roof was on Smartley's factory, Holtzner, wearing his best street clothes and a thoroly business-like air, strode into Blackstone's office and proudly laid a slip of paper on the desk.

"There der bill is, Mr. Blackstone, for cutting der wall off."

Blackstone glanced at the bill, quite casually at first, then studied it in dismay, then frowned at Holtzner.

"What is the meaning of this, Carl?" Plainly Blackstone was vexed. According to very careful estimates which I made in Chicago on the cost of cutting an inch from the wall, five hundred dollars should have been ample. This bill for one thousand dollars is outrageous! Arburg—or somebody——" Blackstone shot Holtzner a searching glance—"is trying to skin me. I absolutely refuse to pay——"

"Just I wanted to show it to you," Holtzner interrupted, mysteriously, and not in the least disturbed. "You don't must go to pay it, Mr. Blackstone—Mr. Aleck Alderman Schmartley pays it, I bet me!" And before the amazed Blackstone could make reply, Holtzner had

TRAPPERS

The name SUMMERFIELD assures you of A SQUARE DEAL

Get the most money for your season's catch. Ship us your furs—you'll get absolutely honest grading, and your money will be sent same day.

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

For 47 years square dealing has built our reputation. Ask the oldest trapper. He'll tell you.

Write now for our reliable prices, supply catalogue, and free shipping tags.

SIMON SUMMERFIELD & CO. Dept. 101 St. Louis, Mo.

SKUNK

We pay highest cash prices for all staple furs—Skunk, Mink, Muskrat, Raccoon, Red Fox, Fancy furs a specialty, including Silver and Cross Fox. Fisher, Marten, etc. Est. 1870. Our continued prompt returns and liberal policy are now bringing us shipments from all North America, Alaska to Mexico. Send for free Price List. Address W. J. JEWETT & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y. Dept. 27.

ANDERSCH BROS. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PAYS 10% TO 50% MORE FOR FURS

Hides, Pelts and Tallow than you can get selling at home. We charge No Commission. Check for 100% value sent at once. Write today for our latest price list and particulars of our

HUNTERS' AND TRAPPERS' GUIDE

$10,000. Book, 450 pages, leather bound, illustrating all Fur Animals. Tells all about Trappers' Secrets, Decoys, Traps, Game Laws, How to Raise Skunk, Fox, Mink. Price $2.00—to our customers, $1.50. It's a regular encyclopedia and should be in the hands of every trapper. Pays for itself over and over again. Don't sell a single skin until you get our prices. Write TODAY. Address—

HIDES

HIDES TANNED INTO ROBES, $2.50 to $7.50

We Sell Leather, also tan Furs. Buy Fox and Wolf Poison also Decoy of us. We are the largest Hide and Fur House in the N. W. Estd. over 25 years.

ANDERSCH BROTHERS Dept. 57 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

TRAPPERS GET HONEST GRADING

Our policy is "A Square Deal to Every Shipper". Ship to us. We pay what we quote, and do not undergrade. We send you cash same day your furs are received, and pay highest market price for all kinds.

Our graders have years of experience. Their honesty is the basis of our 30 years of success.

WE KEEP YOU POSTED

Get our price list. Shipping tags and trappers' information SENT FREE. Write today.

McCULLOUGH & TUMBACH 102 N. Main St. St. Louis, Mo.

TRAPPING SECRETS

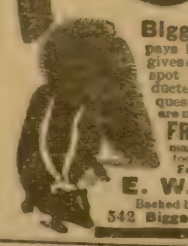
—a Great Book on Trapping. Full of hints of how to make big catches. Holds you with the thrilling adventures of America's trappers—Crockett, Carson, Boone, Kenton and others. Tells of their skill, daring and woodcraft. It follows them on the trap line and carries you down to the methods of the present day, with a wonderful fund of secrets.

Book sent FREE to fur trappers only. Write today. We will also keep you posted on the fur market.

CLAY EXPORT CO., 1127A—W. 35th St. Chicago, Ills. U. S. A.

FREE

FURS



Biggs at Kansas City pays highest prices for furs and gives quickest returns. Biggs pays spot cash—no commissions deducted. Furs held separate on request and returned if our prices are not highest. Send for Price List.

FREE—Raccoon Fortunes—greatest monthly trappers magazine published. Send for it today. Trappers' Supplies at Factory Cost. Catalog FREE.

E. W. BIGGS & CO. Backed by 39 years of Square Dealing. 542 Biggs Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FURS

Ship your furs here. Our prices are record breaking high. We pay all your shipping charges on shipments of $20 and over. On shipments of $100 and over you get 5% additional and a liberal assortment. Put your own valuation on. We will hold them separate on request. Price list and Trapper Guide sent free on request

HARRY LEVY 151 W. 25TH ST. NEW YORK

FURS At Top Prices

We pay the top for all kinds and keep you posted. Big money for you. Write us now for prices and FREE shipping tags.

Marx-Abrahams Fur & Wool Co., Inc. Dept. B 816 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

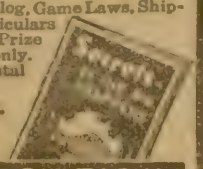
HILL

Says-
HOLD YOUR FURS

Don't sell a dollar's worth to anyone until you get HILL BROS. Official Fur Price List. No matter what prices others may offer, you cannot be sure you are getting all your furs are worth until you see the extra high prices HILL BROS. are paying. Send for Official Fur Price List today. It will open your eyes to the advantages of shipping to this old reliable house where you are assured correct grading, highest prices, prompt returns and NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

FREE

With Official Fur Price List, we will send FREE our book, "Secrets of Big Trappers", Supply Catalog, Game Laws, Shipping Tags and particulars of our $300.00 Cash Prize Offers to trappers only. Use coupon or a postal card will do.



HILL BROS. FUR CO.
350 Hill Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

HILL BROS. FUR CO.
350 Hill Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE Official Fur Price List, Secrets of Big Trappers, Game Laws, etc.

Name .....

Town .....

State ..... R. F. D. .....

ROGERS
ST. LOUIS

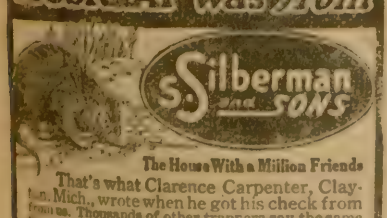
Trapper's Guide—FREE!

Trappers and Shippers—don't wait, write in to-day for Rogers big improved Trappers' Guide—it's *free*. The biggest, best work of its kind—hang the cover on your wall—it's full of color and action—meant for real outdoor men.

Complete lists of traps and trapper's supplies at lowest prices—Game laws—all the haunts and habits of the fur bearers—every trapper needs it—and it's FREE. Rogers pays highest prices, quickest cash, and shipping charges on furs—deals direct with you, the square deal way—grading done by experts. No commission charged. Write today for Trapper's Guide—get prices and market reports all winter through—Service Free—don't delay—send card today. Address Dept. 142

ROGERS FUR CO.
ST. LOUIS

Most He Ever Got for MUSKRAT was from



The House With a Million Friends

That's what Clarence Carpenter, Clayton, Mich., wrote when he got his check from Silberman. Thousands of other trappers say the same thing. Andy Hofer, Clana Park, Ill., writes he did not expect half as much as he received. Wm. White, Danvers, Ill., thanks us for our liberal grading and liberal prices. Dal Punnel, Rodder, Mo., got fifteen dollars more than he expected.

Try Our Market—Ship Today

and see for yourself why we have won the Seal of Approval from Trappers everywhere. Our business record of 53 years satisfying shippers; over $2,000,000 capital assures you of more money and prompt returns. Write for Price List

S. Silberman & Sons

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write B. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

secured the bill and trotted from the office.

Straight toward Smartley's bakery he went, his smile widening as each block brought him nearer. He found that self-important dispenser of bread and pies and other people's rights, contentedly consuming his after-dinner cigar.

"Mr. Schmartley," Holtzner began, coming to his point at once, "Mr. Blackstone sends me with this bill to collect it."

Smartley wonderingly took the tendered slip and read it. Then he laughed heartily.

"Is your employer fool enough to think I'll pay his bills?"

"Then if der bill you don't like to pay it, Mr. Schmartley," Holtzner returned, calmly, "Mr. Blackstone says your factory you must got to move it from his property off."

Smartley peered into Holtzner's face, vaguely wondering if the little fellow was suffering some mental derangement.

"You see," Holtzner continued, his eyes a-twinkle, "Mr. Arburg, der contractor, makes one little mistake, and two inches instead of one he cuts from Mr. Blackstone's wall off. And then your bricklayer, another little 'mistake he makes it and don't measure your lot again before he builds your factory right against our factory. So one inch your wall is on der top of Mr. Blackstone's ground. Ain't it so—or is it?"

The while Smartley was trying to analyze the furt import of Holtzner's twisted English, Holtzner was calculating the exact number of steps between himself and the screen door which he had taken the precaution to leave widely open when he entered the bakery.

"I am laving der bill by you, Schmartley," Holtzner conceded, deeming an opportune retreat wiser than an untimely stand. "If you not like to pay der bill for cutting der wall two inches off," he suggested from the door, "maybe Mr. Blackstone sells you for one thousand dollars one inch from his lot—and der ground-rent, Mr. Schmartley."

A Record of Crime.

"I FEAR 'twill go hard wid Bartly O'Hara this time," said the contractor's foreman to his wife as he finished eating.

"What are ye talking about?" demanded the wife.

"On me way home I saw Bartly gittin' pinched agin," answered the foreman, "He's in for life this thrip, I'm afraid."

"Pinched agin!" exclaimed the wife. "'Tis a shame for ye to be talkin' that way a bout a dacint man like Bartly."

"'Dacint man,' she says! An' he wan av the greatest malefactors av the age!" returned the foreman. "Sure he's a masther criminal. An' daysaitful! No wan could be up to his maneuvers. I mind the time he was illicted raycordin' secretary av the laborers' union. A salary goes wid the office an' Bartly comes to me an' sez: 'Owen, don't let on to me wife what the union pays me.

"'It's this way, Owen,' he sez, 'now-I'm a public character, seein' as how I'm sicretary, an' a man in public life has to spind a dale of money. So I'll have to hold out a couple av bucks whin I dhraws me pay as sicretary. For, ye see, Owen, Dalia is a fine woman, but she doesn't undherstand the daymands a public cayreer makes upan a man's pocketbook."

"But what's this about him bein' pinched?" asked the wife.

"He was breakin' the law agin," answered the foreman. "He's been arrested so many times he'll sure be sint up as an habitual criminal."

"Whin was he iver arrested bayfore?"

"Many a time! I raymimber whin we were both young fellows we were out bicycle ridin', an' thin an' there Bartly gave ividence av a criminal sthrake in him. Bekase the law interfered wid his convanience Bartly fractured an enacted statute into smithereens. But the poor boob might have known he would be halted in his criminal cayreer. An' he was, for a cop pinched him for ridin' his wheel at night widout a light on it. The judge soaked Bartly for a five spot an' me dayluded frind, swore he'd git aven.

"He planned a criminal campaign but he was cautious and had a healthy rayspict for the bulls. But, bidin' his time, he committed a hainous crime an' chortled wid glee. But his merriment was short lived. For a cop put his hand on Bartly's shoulder an' the criminal was mulcted fer a tin spot fer expicthoratin' on the sidewalk.

"Thin Bartly gits him a flivver an' a suburban constable throws him into a donjon for ixcadin' the speed laws. But Bart didn't mind this ipisode. He wint around boastin' av it among his friends But this time he's up against it."

"What foolishness has he bene up to now?" asked the wife anxiously.

"Foolishness! 'Tis worse. 'Tis ingratitude. Think av wan goin' back on another that has done great service for mankind. What if the latther is a corporation? Thinkin' wid gratitude about this soulful an' unselfish corporation I'm almost glad Bartly got pinched."

"For hivin's sake, throttle down yare Niagara av talk an' git to the pint," demanded the wife. "What foolishness was Bartly up to this time?"

"He got a sthrate car thransfer whin he didn't nade it," said the foreman solemnly. "An' he offered it to a sthranger who turned out to be a [illegible] detective."

* * *

The dog who speaks with its tail is something of a wag.

FREE
Book of Animals in Color
Natural color pictures of American fur-bearers, drawn by the noted animal artist, Charles Livingston Bull. Trapping methods, game laws, trappers' supplies. Write!
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

Drawn especially for Funsten Bros. & Co. by Charles Livingston Bull, America's foremost animal artist

High Prices for All Furs Paid by Funsten!

Tremendous demand, coupled with the lighter trapping of last year, has sent fur prices way up! Furs are retailing in the cities at higher prices than ever before. The fur market demands every pelt you can catch. Funsten will pay millions of dollars for furs this year. **Get some of this big money right now.** Ship us every pelt you have ready.

FUNSTEN

The World's Largest Fur House

Over 500,000 trappers ship to Funsten. We often get more furs in a single day than many other firms receive in a whole season. The only reason is we must pay more money.

Furs Graded by Experts

Our experts are trained to grade your furs as high as possible. If a little fixing will put a pelt in a higher grade, they give it that grade. This kind of grading gives you **every bit of value** there is in your furs.

Spot Cash by Return Mail

Funsten pays in cash, not promises. Our **prices are the highest** because our big volume and access to the world's market allow us to pay you the most. **Ship us your furs now**, and get your check by return mail.

Funsten Bros. & Co.
INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGE
422 Funsten Bldg.

St. Louis, Mo.

TRAPPERS

It's FREE

Send For This Great Book

It's just what you've been looking for. THE ART OF TRAPPING" is the best and most complete Trapper's Guide ever published—prepared at great expense—by experts. It gives a complete and accurate description, pictures and tracks of the different Fur-bearers of North America; it tells when and where to trap; the best and most successful trapping methods; the right kind of baits and scents; the sizes of traps to use; the correct way of skinning and handling the different pelts to make them worth the most money; the trapping laws of every state.

"SHUBERT"

will send this great book FREE to any one interested in trapping or collecting Fur-bearers. Just sign and mail the coupon today.

"THE ART OF TRAPPING" *is NOT a supply catalog—but a real Trapper's Guide* containing information of inestimable value to any trapper. It will guide and help the experienced trapper and teach the beginner the art of successfully trapping the North American Fur-bearers. No trapper or Fur collector can afford to be without this great book. *Send for your copy at once.*

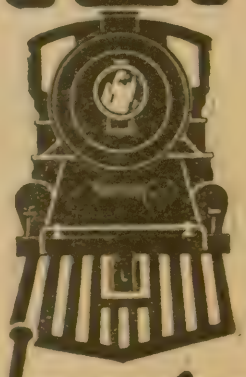
A. B. SHUBERT, INC.
THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN
AMERICAN RAW FURS
25-27 W. AUSTIN AVE.—CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WITHOUT OBLIGATION SEND ME
"THE ART OF TRAPPING"
THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE TRAPPER'S GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED
and keep me posted on Raw Fur Market Conditions during the Fur Season of 1919-1920

Name _____
Post Office _____ (PLEASE PRINT NAME) R.F.D. ___ Box No. ___
County _____ ☐ State _____

MEN Wanted



Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Interurban Motormen, Colored Train Porters, $150 to $200 per month to start. 500 wanted now. Chances quick promotion. Uniforms and passes furnished. Mail us this advertisement, name and address and we will send Application Blank by return mail.

INTER-RAILWAY, Dept. 53
Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard TIRES at 1/2 Off

No Money With Order

We have gone into the tire business because we have the facilities for reducing your tire expense by 50%, and are prepared for a great volume of business. No money! Just send your name and address and sizes needed, and we will ship at once on approval. We sell only the finest type of slightly used but expertly rebuilt standard tires that can stand the test of any tire guaranteed for 5000 miles.

See These Cut Prices

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	.8 7.00	..92.75	32x4½	14.00	4.50
30x3½	8.90	2.95	34x4	14.50	4.45
32x3½	9.80	3.40	34x4½	15.00	4.60
31x4	10.85	3.90	35x4½	15.50	4.90
32x4	11.95	4.00	36x4½	16.10	5.15
32x4½	12.90	4.45	35x5	16.80	5.40
33x4	13.80	4.30	37x5	17.00	5.75

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address, stating sizes needed and whether straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain. Pay on arrival—examine thoroughly—remember, satisfaction guaranteed. If not absolutely satisfied return them at our expense and we will immediately refund your money. So order today—DO IT NOW. We ship immediately

ARMOUR RUBBER WORKS
Dept. I-1, 1140 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

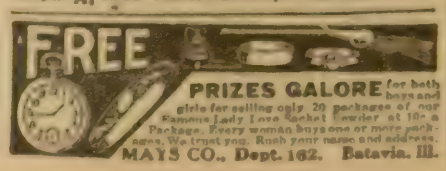
Mark H. Jackson, No. 464F Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER AND DREAM BOOK

Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth and Business? Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, tea cup, sodiology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days; interprets dreams. By mail for 10 cents.

SUN BOOK & PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. A, 1215 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa



PRIZES GALORE for both boys and girls for selling only 20 packages of our Famous Lady Love Sachet Powder at 10c a Package. Every woman buys one or more packages. We trust you. Rush your name and address.

MAYS CO., Dept. 162. Batavia, Ill.

The Clue of the Cord

(Continued From Page 13)

awed at the nearness of the big moment.

"Very well," said Mr. Lamb. "Say 7 o'clock this evening. You may call Mr. Hadore from here and see if he will be able to be on hand."

"Surely open the safe at 7. I will join you then or little later for congratulations," came the voice of Hadore over the wire, sounding immensely cheerful.

"SEVEN TEN," announced Mr. Lamb, looking about at the little group from which only Mr. Hadore was missing. "Shall we wait longer?"

Sam shook his head. "Mr. Hadore explicitly requested that we proceed at the time set, whether or not he was present."

Quite by accident, it seemed, the rotund attorney left ajar the door of a cubbyhole closet while from the door of the vault he dragged forth a little old and rusty safe. Across the front in blurred and indistinct letters was the name of Alvah Northman.

"His first safe," said Mr. Lamb. "He asked us to store it because of old associations. Now the numbers, 19, 5, 7?"

The tumblers clicked and the small door swung open.

"Now, Mr. Northman," said the attorney.

Inside lay a single folded paper. Sam's hands were trembling a bit as he drew it out and opened the folds. Then, very slowly, he read aloud a properly signed and witnessed will which made him, Samuel J. Northman, the heir to a vast fortune. There were some generous legacies to old friends, but the bulk, nearly two millions in railroad bonds, then held by a great eastern bank, was to be the grandson's portion.

"Well?" said Mr. Lamb.

"But if Rodney had won?" Sam stammered.

Mr. Lamb continued to smile. "Mr. Northman," he said after a moment, "you are the one who has really found the end of the rainbow."

"Not quite," said Sam, with a glance at Nina.

What his eyes read in her brown ones caused him to disregard the presence of all observers and step close to her side.

"Nina," he said, "a week ago this money would have meant everything; now it is absolutely worthless and Uncle Rodney may claim it and welcome if you will not share it with me."

"Here is my answer," she said shyly and placed in his hands one of the square, aged envelopes, the sight of which was becoming familiar to Sam.

"Miss Nina Harris," he read. "To be given to my grandson, Samuel, the day you become engaged to him——"

Right then Sam would have assumed the rights of an engaged man, but Nina eluded him with a merry laugh.

"You must read all the message and not believe the first part."

With growing amazement Sam continued to peruse the envelope.

"—or at any time you consider proper. You may also use your judgment as to a certain brown notebook used by us from September first to November first, nineteen sixteen. In case of death of Miss Harris, or failure of said Sam Northman to discover code within two years, this letter shall be delivered to Lamb & Lamb."

"What does all this mean, dear?" questioned Sam eagerly. "This letter and the notebook? You did know about the code?"

"Grandfather Alvah talked about you lots at times. I told you on the train. You wondered why I became so confused. I knew only that he considered the book important to you and he wished me to be the one to give it to you if by that time I had found that the real Samuel Northman was worthy and that I—I cared a little for him."

"You have given me the book and that's answer enough," cried Sam rapturously. Nina blushed and strove to escape, but this time Sam held her close while together they read the inclosure.

More writing in his grandfather's cramped hand gave Lamb & Lamb instructions as to opening the same and the execution of the will, "providing said Samuel Northman had tried to solve a certain puzzle." Otherwise there was mention of other instructions and a list of charities. Alvah Northman surely had figured that his grandson would be handicapped and he had allowed for that, asking only that the latter make an effort to fulfill his last wishes. He had at the same time planned a grim joke on his unworthy son. At the bottom was another line to same.

> Sam—forgive your old grandfather for a roundabout gift delivery. If you have tried—and I know you have—you will be happy with my money and I hope with——"

The cubby-hole door swung open, and Hadore stepped into the room, a smile on his bearded lips.

"Almost a family party, I see. And I will finish that letter, my boy. The next word is 'Nina.'"

With a single quick motion he stripped off his beard and burst into a laugh that was rollicking and boyish. The face revealed was a smooth-shaven, elderly one, and the wig of white hair, which went flying after the beard, showed a head as bare as a billiard ball. There were certain firm lines about the jaws. Lines that were vaguely familiar to Sam, as were the piercing black eyes that were now twinkling cheerily. Grandfather Alvah Northman was with them—very much in the flesh!

"Pretty fair acting for an old man, don't you think?" he asked. "Always wanted to play around; even had stage aspirations; then life grew too strenuous. Two years ago I began to plan a little surprise for my relatives after I was dead. Then it occurred to me that I might enjoy the joke myself and incidentally show what the theatrical world missed when I became a railroad and business man.

"A month ago I had things in shape for a vacation and put my plan into effect."

"You are an old dear," gasped Nina and kissed him, while a bewildered grandson grasped his hand.

"You can just look after this matter of the bonds yourself, grandfather," he said. "I am satisfied with what I already have won from the contest."

"No, indeed," said the old gentleman, smiling at the couple. "I kept out plenty. Everything goes as it stands. Next week I am really going to South America and return the visit of the real Hadore."

Practical.

AN ATTACHE of the American embassy at London tells of a class held at the East End of London for the instruction of the poor in which considerable study was devoted to first-aid-to-the-injured work.

One day, it appears, a sad-looking woman presented herself at the institution, saying that her husband had been drinking immoderately and that she wished that something might be done for him. Accordingly, a cleryman attached to the institution sought out the man and persuaded him to become a member of the class. When he reported he was put into the first aid division. In a short time, strange to say, the man became most interested in his work and was a regular attendant.

"How is your husband doing now?" the woman was asked when next the clergyman saw her.

"'E never goes to the public 'ouse no more, sir," was the proud response. "'Ee spends his evenings at 'ome, sir, bandaging the cat."

Companionable.

EDWARD was discovered one day in the street throwing stones at a cat and was severely reprimanded for his cruelty by his mother, who also pointed out to him how dangerous it was to the passers-by for small boys to indulge in such sports. Shortly after this the family went to Naples, and on their arrival found Vesuvius in a mild state of eruption. Edward was a silent observer of the phenomenon for some minutes.

"Who is throwing stones out of that mountain?" he at last demanded.

"God," replied his mother.

"Then I wish he'd come and play with me," Edward said. "We'd get along together first-rate."

The Domestic Machine.

MR. MEEK was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking the dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the doorbell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered, miserably.

"Why, they have!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it."

CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 658F Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

ASTHMA TREATMENT sent you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterling, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

"Gee-Whiz! How it Hurts—The Pain in My Foot!"

"Sometimes it is in my arm. Merciful Heaven, how my back hurts in the morning!" It's all due to an overabundance of that poison called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking the advice of Dr. Pierce, which is "keep the kidneys in good order." "Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking Anuric." This can be obtained at almost any drug store.

Send a bottle of water to the chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive free medical advice as to whether the kidneys are affected. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night, take heed, before too late. Get Anuric (anti-uric-acid), for it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Ask your nearest druggist for it or send Dr. Pierce ten cents for trial package.

Pile Sufferers

Don't Wait Another Minute Before Sending For a Free Trial of My New Home Treatment That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. New and Different From Anything You Have Ever Tried.

Let Me Prove That It Will Quickly Rid You of Pile Suffering.

TRIAL FREE.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my treatment is just what you need.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one safe, best treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply send your name and address to E. R. Page, 382 F, Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.—but do this now—TODAY.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Timber Claims and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date, 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

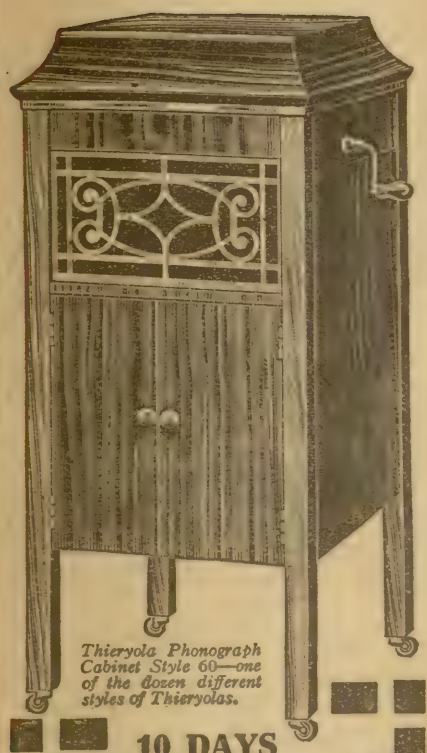
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa

ECZEMA

AND ALL SKIN DISEASES CAN BE CURED. Send for "Free" Treatise, Write Plain.

H. F. HORMAN, Chemist, 216 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Michigan



Thieryola Phonograph Cabinet Style 60—one of the dozen different styles of Thieryolas.

10 DAYS

FREE

TRIAL AND TEST

You can now have a Thieryola—a genuine Thieryola Phonograph on 10 days free trial and test without one bit of obligation on your part to buy it if you don't say it is the finest phonograph ever shipped to your neighborhood at a similar price. There is a dozen different styles shown in our Art Catalog, for you to take your choice. No restrictions. We will ship any phonograph you say on 10 days free trial. We will show you how to save from 30 to 50% of the money you intended to pay out for a phonograph.

Thiery Pianos and Organs have been on the market for twenty years. Now Thieryola Phonographs are known far and wide as the "Music-Makers" of all phonographs.

$1.00 Only a dollar as first payment after 10 day trial. The balance in easy monthly sums. Just a few pennies a day laid aside each month buys and pays for a genuine Thieryola.

You can pay cash at the end of the free trial and receive cash discount or you can send cash with the order if you want to and your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted. The money that slips through your fingers every month for useless articles will buy a Thieryola for you. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

THIERYOLA

Phonographs are high grade, up-to-the-minute machines. They play all makes and sizes of disc records and come completely equipped. They are in magnificent cabinets of genuine mahogany, fumed and golden oak. The new Thieryola catalog shows all the Thieryola Phonographs in colors. You will be surprised at the money you can save.

SEND THIS COUPON

This Coupon Points The Way to More Phonograph Value for You

$4.50 Value in the latest popular disc records will be **Included FREE**

For a limited time only we will include $4.50 worth of the latest large size disc records free with all orders for Thieryola Phonographs. Below is a sample list:

"Honolulu March," *Guitar Duet*—"Moonlight Waltz," *Marimba Band*—"La Paloma," *Saxophone Quartet*—"Captain Betty," *One Step*—"Pasadena Day," *Band*—"Lights Out March," *Band*—"O Sole Mio," *Hawaiian Guitars*—"Aloha Land," *Guitars*—"Battleship New York," *March*—"Over There," *Baritone*—"Under the Double Eagle," *Military Band*—"Send McAway with a Smile," *Tenor Solo.*

The above is just a sample list of pieces sent FREE with a Thieryola.

J. B. Thiery, Pres., J. B. Thiery Co., Dept. 12 Milwaukee, Wis.

Without any promise on my part to purchase, mail to me at once, color printed Art Catalog of Thieryola Phonographs, list of records, trial order blanks, prices, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25 cts. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 5 Pieces are yours

U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 336 Greenville, Pa.

The Prints of a Woman's Shoes

(Continued From Page 14)

Sumner. "It wasn't just as eccentric freak of a crazy old woman. It was planned deliberately and executed carefully for a definite purpose. What was that purpose?"

"I don't know," responded the chief. "Do you?"

"Perhaps," ejaculated Sumner. "Come on back into the house and I'll tell you about it."

SUMNER led the way back into Marsden's bedroom.

"I happen to know," Sumner explained, "because of my long friendship with Marsden that at one time he had quite a little money. He lent $6,000 of this money to a friend many years ago, taking his friend's note for the money. This friend never paid any interest. The money was lost in the same speculation by which it was hoped it would be repaid. Marsden for years had tried to get some payments on the loan, but had failed. Recently, because the note would soon be outlawed and because of the fact that Marsden's own finances had taken a severe slump, he had become insistent. He had demanded some action or he threatened to sue his friend, obtain judgment and have the later's house and lot sold by law to satisfy the judgment. There's the motive!"

"And that friend?" demanded the chief sharply, "was it the Widow Donnel?"

"Marsden never told me who it was," Sumner replied.

"That's undoubtedly who it was," the chief asserted. "I better send right over and have her locked up."

"Wait!" demanded Sumner. "The Widow Donnel never killed Marsden!"

"What?" exclaimed the chief.

"No, she never killed him," Sumner went on. "The person who killed Marsden very carefully carried out his well-laid plans thoroly. The guilt would undoubtedly have been successfully placed on the Widow Donnel except for one insignificant slip-up. The Widow Donnel never, never walks in mud or even in soft earth!"

"What's that got to do with it?" questioned the chief.

"Everything," went on Sumner. "At first I went on the assumption you have given me—namely that the Widow Donnel had murdered Marsden. I went over to her home to get the conclusive evidence. She was coming out of her house as I got there. As I watched her go toward town, I saw that she went out of her way to walk in the dry spots in the road. She took a lot of extra steps to avoid walking in the mud or on the soft earth. The Widow Donnel, even when going to kill a man or coming home after such a deed, would never have walked along the side of the road in the semi-mud when she could have taken the high, dry, middle part of the road!"

"You mean she didn't make those tracks?" questioned the chief.

"Yes!" Sumner responded emphatically.

"Then who did make them?" queried the chief.

Sumner made no reply. "I went into the Widow Donnel's home," he continued after a pause. "I looked at all her shoes. There was no mud nor traces of mud on any of them. All of them were neat and clean. But they had not been shined recently. Furthermore, the whole house is spic and span. The Widow Donnel may be eccentric and queer, but she is orderly and thorogoing. She never would have thrown the knife with which she had killed a man into a conspicuous place in her yard after leaving a perfectly evident trail to her door!"

"The knife with which Marsden was murdered?" cried the chief. "Where is it?"

Sumner unwrapped the knife and handed it to the chief. The chief looked fixedly at the initials.

"Huh," he ejaculated, "you're a way off. You say the widow didn't kill Marsden. Why, here's her initials! This is her knife. And those are her shoe prints—her shoes fitted 'em perfectly."

"I know the shoes fitted," Sumner went on. "They fitted here at the window where the earth is not very soft. But near the Widow Donnel's home I saw something else in those shoe prints that was startling and amazing. The prints of the widow's shoes were there all right, but above them were the faint prints of a man's shoes. It looked as tho the soles, heel and instep of the widow's shoes had been fastened to the bottom of a pair of shoes!"

"What?" exclaimed the chief.

"It means that the person who murdered Marsden is the person who fixed this pair of shoes like this!"

AS HE spoke, Sumner unwrapped the large package he had brought with him from the city, and displayed an odd looking pair of men's shoes. They were large, broad-soled and heavy. To the bottom of the shoes cleverly had been nailed the soles, instep and heels of a woman's shoes!

"What, what——" the chief stuttered, but was interrupted by Sumner, who quickly drew from his pocket the other package he had brought from the city. From this second package he drew another bone-handled kitchen knife—new, but similar to the one bearing the Widow Donnel's initials.

"I found another surprising thing in Mrs. Donnel's home," Sumner continued. "She has no bone-handled kitchen utensils. All her kitchen utensils have wooden handles. So, altho this knife has her initials cut in the handle, the knife never belonged to her. If you'll examine the initials carefully you'll see they have been cut recently for the purpose of aiding the real criminal in shifting the guilt upon this woman."

"Where did you get this knife?" cried the chief, his eyes taking in every detail of the new knife.

"Out of the kitchen of one of our leading citizens," Sumner explained easily. "His wife told me he'd given it to her to take the place of one that had mysteriously disappeared some time ago."

"H'm," was all Chief Tennant said. "And where did you get those shoes?" He pointed at the shoes with the queer attachments on the soles.

"Out of a private locker at the police station," Sumner replied. "After I saw that the Widow Donnel always stayed away from the damp or muddy part of the road, and I became convinced that she wasn't guilty, and after I had seen the print of that man's shoe above the print of the woman's shoe, I remembered that a certain man in this town used to be a cobbler. Then I also remembered what Marsden had told me on my last visit to Brampton, about this false friend of his who wouldn't pay back any of the money he'd borrowed. Then I did my little investigating which ended in finding from a second-hand shoe dealer that the man in question had purchased a pair of Widow Donnel's old shoes, ostensibly for his wife, and that his kitchen utensils were bone-handled like this knife, instead of wooden handled like the widow's. And I also learned from his wife of the mysterious disappearance of this fatal knife, and after doing considerable rummaging thru his belongings I finally located these shoes which with his old cobbler skill he had so cleverly arranged to throw the guilt upon Mrs. Donnel. He thought the scheme out carefully, chief, but he just failed of putting it over. Even that rather crude expedient of throwing the knife into Mrs. Donnel's yard might have succeeded if it hadn't been for his slip-up regarding the widow's aversion to mud and dampness. It was very clever to put on 'fixed' shoes at the widow's home and come here in them to murder Marsden and then return the same way, taking off the shoes at her house and putting on his regular shoes. But, at the same time, it was a unique plan of revenge against a woman who had repudiated his advances some time ago. But you didn't get away with the thing, chief, you didn't get away with it!"

"Didn't get away with it!" cried the chief tempestuously. "What sort of bally rot are you talking about, anyhow? Mebbe the widow didn't murder Marsden, but you can't hook the crime on me! This thing of finding those shoes in my locker and hooking up that knife with my kitchen utensils, shows some one's trying to put the crime on me—that's all. You ain't got any motive for me to murder Marsden! You say you don't know who the friend was who wouldn't pay up. It's a cinch I'm not the man. I'm not that sort of a man at all. You can't hold me for this crime!"

"But we do know who the false friend was," Sumner again explained calmly and unemotionally. "Gordon," Sumner

(Continued on Page 26.)

HE DARKENED HIS GRAY HAIR

Tells How He Did It.

Mr. J. A. McCrea, a well-known resident of San Francisco, who was called Daddy and Grandpa on account of his white hair, and who darkened it with a home-made mixture, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

Safe to Friend Dangerous to Enemy

Like the well-trained watch dog, the Iver Johnson is safe in your home. Never any fear of accident — the automatic safety feature eliminates that.

But at the moment it is needed for protection, your Iver Johnson is alert, ready to respond instantly and accurately.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY—AUTOMATIC **REVOLVERS**

Just one way to discharge an Iver Johnson—the trigger must be pulled *all* the way back.

Drop it, kick it, thump it, throw it against the wall—it can't go off accidentally. And its safety is automatic—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. That's why women are not timid about having an Iver Johnson in the home.

Choice of three grips: Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut.

Iver Johnson shotguns, too, are perfectly balanced, accurate, dependable, and conscientiously made throughout.

THREE BOOKLETS FREE

"A"—Firearms; "B"—Bicycles; "C"—Motorcycles. Yours free for the asking.

If your dealer cannot supply the Iver Johnson, send us his name and address. We will supply you through him.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
825 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers St., New York
717 Market Street San Francisco

Iver Johnson Revolvers are safe. You can "Hammer the Hammer"

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

and besides that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

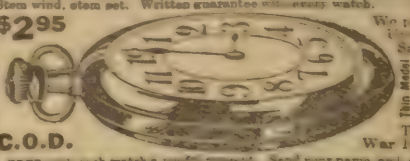
Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free**, our wonderful [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] pattern to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and postage prepaid.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 380 CHICAGO

20th CENTURY THIN MODEL WATCH $2.95

Popular size. Guaranteed perfect time keeper. In splendid beautiful solid silveroid case. Open face. Lever escapement. Stem wind, stem set. Written guarantee with every watch.

$2.95



We pay Sam

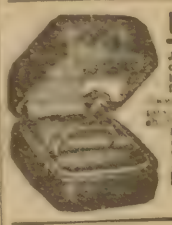
This Model

The War Tax

C.O.D.

FREE with each watch a [illegible]. Send your name and address and watch will be sent by express, [illegible]. Pay postman $2.95 and this [illegible] watch [illegible]. Then after 5 days trial if not satisfied, return watch to us and we will refund your money. Price, for short time only LADIES WRIST WATCH [illegible] Money refunded **$4.45**

CONSOLIDATED WATCH COMPANY
160 North Wells Street, Dept. 10 Chicago, Illinois



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian imi. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send [illegible] free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2c [illegible] imi. diamond—in beautiful ring box [illegible] paid. Pay postmaster $1.35 C. O. D. [illegible] to cover postage, handling, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED DEPT. 213.
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

$40 Motorcycle

We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We are the largest and only exclusive motorcycle supply house in the world. REPAIRS A SPECIALTY. SEND US YOUR MACHINE TO BE OVERHAULED. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes.

Harry R. Geer Co., 900 McLaran Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

The Quilting Bee

MISTRESS MAPLE, who was the fairy that lived in the big maple tree, was whispering all day to Mistress Beech, who lived next door, or rather "next tree" to her. They were very tiny little creatures, so tiny, in fact, that Mr. Robin Redbreast was often kind enough to take them for rides on his little brown back thru the bright sky.

Today, Mistress Maple sat on the tippiest tip of her maple tree and Mistress Beech sat on the tippiest tip of her tree so that they could whisper across to each other without being overheard at all.

"Mother Earth will soon be asking us to make a quilt for the flower children, I daresay." Mistress Maple was saying, "and really my leaves are getting to be as pretty as can be, quite the thing for a nice patchwork quilt."

"Mine are all turned yellow," Mistress Beech said, "they are ready, too."

"Everybody's are," Mistress Maple agreed, "except, of course, Mistress Evergreen's. What a shame it is that she can't follow the styles the way we do."

"Oh," Mistress Beech said, "you are quite mistaken there. Mistress Evergreen is ever so much more dressed up than we are in winter. She goes into the house and there are bright, shiny things put all over her, brighter and more full of color than Mistress Apple's pretty fruit. And there are lights, too, bright as the moon on every branch of her, Mr. Ivy has told me. It all happens in the dead of winter when we are all fast asleep. He is so near the window he can easily peep in and see everything."

"It must be quite wonderful," Mistress Maple agreed. "But what do you say to a quilting party?"

"Why it would be wonderful!" Mistress Beech cried. "We can invite Mr. Oak and the Ashes, Mrs. Willow, oh, everybody, I suppose."

"We will have to send out invitations," Mistress Beech put in. "We can write them on some of our leaves and Master Wind can take them about, he's always so obliging."

"That's splendid," said Mistress Maple. "Let's begin this minute. Let's send out invitations for tomorrow evening."

Well, after that they were very busy indeed and as there were so very many invitations to write Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast and their children turned to and helped, using their bills to write with and lending quills to the two little fairy people.

In the evening the letters were all ready and Mr. Wind, who had been about all day, said he would take them around that very night. So by the next morning there were red and yellow invitations lying on everybody's doorstep.

In the afternoon Mrs. Squirrel and her family came to call on Mistress Maple. She had heard of the invitations and had come to ask if she might come too.

"We haven't any leaves to give," she said, "but we all of us thought that we could help with putting the patches together. Mrs. Rabbit, Miss Chipmunk, Mr. Mole and all their relations would like to help, too."

"That's so nice of you," Mistress Maple assured Mrs. Squirrel. "We'd be glad indeed to have you."

Just then Dame Crickett came up.

"I can't do so very much. I'm afraid," she said, "but I can piece the little leaves together for the littlest Flower children. Madame Honeybee and the Ants want to help too."

Mistress Maple was glad to have them all and told Mistress Beech about it.

"Fine!" said Mistress Beech. "What a splendid Quilting Bee it will be." She didn't mean to make a pun.

By evening all the tree folks began to come and Master West Wind who had had his hands full all day called in Master North Wind, too, to help him bring the leaf patches for the Quilting Bee.

It made everybody shiver a bit to have the North Wind about, especially as Master Jack Frost decided to come down with him just to see what was doing.

"It's a good thing we started," Mistress Maple whispered to Mistress Beech.

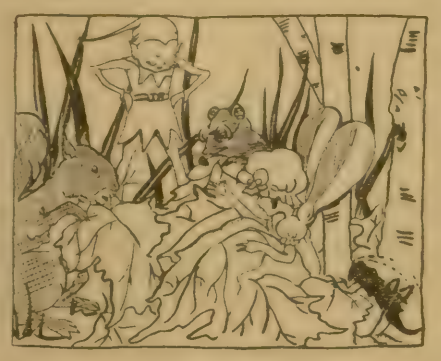
"It certainly is," Mistress Beech whispered back. "And look how much redder your leaves have become, and look at mine."

Well, there were busy fingers you may be sure and as Master Ivy had come with a few leaves, too, Mistress Maple got him to tell all about the way Mistress Evergreen looked when she changed her colors.

Master Oak's leaves were a lovely brown and dark red, Mistress Peaches were spotted. There were long slender leaves and short fat ones, delicate thin ones and strong thick ones. Even the grasses came.

"The Flower children have been so kind to us," they said. "They were always so bright and cheerful we want to do something for them.

"We all love them, I'm sure," said



"Well, There Were Busy Fingers, You May Be Sure."

Madame Squirrel. So they chatted while they worked.

It was a beautiful quilt they made and because there were so many willing fingers the quilt was plenty big enough.

Mother Nature came to look at it and to thank her faithful little folk.

"It's beautiful," she said, "quite the prettiest I've had in all my million years. I'm proud of all of you and I am especially happy because you have been so thoughtful and willing. It's a lovely surprise." So you see, Mother Nature, was quite like any other mother, because it made her happiest to see her children full of kind thoughts and deeds.

Well, a day or so after the quilting party Mistress Maple put a blue nose out of a maple knothole, they're her windows and doors you know and can only be opened from the inside. She shivered at the cold air.

Mistress Beech looked out of a knothole in her tree. She was all shivery, too.

"How cold it is!" Mistress Maple cried. "The Redbreast family has gone I see. Even their feathers weren't warm enough."

"And the Squirrel family have shut themselves up in the oak," Mistress Beech said. "I hear Master Oak is boarding with them. Mistress Chipmunk, I understand, is living in the chestnut tree."

"I wish I had a nice warm furry family in here with me," Mistress Maple sighed, "I'd warm my fingers and toes on them."

"You might get more than you want," Mistress Beech answered. "Mistress Evergreen told me once that a wild goose dropped a message to her from a distant cousin in Canada who has a bear family in the lower floor of her house!"

"Goodnes me!" Mistress Maple exclaimed, "that would be quite frightful."

"And there's Mistress Sycamore who had a hive of wasps live on her porch," Mistress Beech added.

Just then Master Jack Frost came along.

"Hello, blue noses!" he cried. "You shan't be cold any longer. Mother Nature has just finished a snowy quilt for you that will pile up warm about your houses to keep out the chilling breezes. And the Redbreasts asked me to give you, if I saw you, a great heap of feathers they left in their nest for you. I'll fetch them now."

"Oh, isn't that fine!" Mistress Maple and Mistress Beech both exclaimed at once. "We can make lovely pillows."

Jack brought the feathers and after the two little ladies had closed up their windows, he sealed them tight with his icy breath, so that thru the long winter they would sleep warm and safe.

Off wen Jack Frost, humming as he went and this is the little song he sang:

"We'll tuck 'em in both snug and warm

(Continued on Page 23.)

CUTS CLOTHING PRICES

Here's a way to save $10 to $20 on your clothing expense. Simply drop a card to R. A. Allan, 831 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., and ask him for a copy of his new tailoring book No. 1532 with big cloth samples and latest information about styles and prices. He will make you a special offer and quote you prices so low that you will be surprised and wonder how he can do it when others are asking such high prices. All orders are sent on approval with privilege of returning if not satisfactory. Send him a card today.—Adv.

The Reason.

"Why hasn't Robinson accomplished more? He is a man of such broad views."

"Yes, but of such narrow means."

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

The Struggle for Existence.

"It's kept me poor."

"What has?"

"Trying to make other people think I'm rich."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

The Boss Knows.

"Pa, what's an economist?"

"An economist, my son, is a man who can save money by cutting down other people's expenses."

Are Weak Nerves and Lack of Physical Strength Holding You Back in Life?

You Must Have Plenty of Iron in Your Blood if You Want the Power and Energy to Win, Says Physician

When the crushing grip of worry, trials and care saps your vitality and keeps you from the full enjoyment of home, social and business life—take Nuxated Iron and watch its strength-giving, up-building effect—it will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

THOUSANDS are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

"A weak body means a weakened brain; weak nerve force means weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood.

"Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore, I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. Nuxated Iron has been used and strongly endorsed by many physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Master Pianist and Nation Maker; Jack Dempsey, Heavyweight Champion of the World; U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Hon. Anthony Caminetti; Judge Atkinson of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, and others.

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, former Health Commissioner of Chicago, William R. Kerr, said: "From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my endorsement shall induce anæmic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE. Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Needed—like rubbers in wet weather

Because Piso's protects the children by soothing irritated and tickly throats — allaying troublesome coughs and hoarseness.

Keep Piso's in the medicine cabinet ready for instant use. It saves weary trips at night and brings quick relief.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old.

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Elegant 21 Jewel Gold Filled Watch

12 size, 16 size or 18 size for men; 6 size hunting for ladies. High grade gold filled or solid silver nickel cases, which will last a lifetime. AMERICAN MADE, plain polish or fancy engraved. Fitted with an accurate Montgomery dial movement, stamped and guaranteed 21 JEWELS ADJUSTED.

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS' SERVICE

$9.75 21 Jewels

C. O. D. 21 Jewels

Furthermore, we will send you a genuine STANDARD AMERICAN watch, fitted with gold filled or solid silverine case, full seven jewel—for short time only—$9.75. Worth fully double. Send us your name and address, and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it, pay postman only $9.75 and watch is yours. Money refunded if not satisfied after ten days' trial. Write today. P. S.—Beautiful 20 year gold filled vest chain to match, only $2.25.

Medill & Co., 8 Dearborn St., Dept. 502, Chicago.

Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test.

EASY PAYMENTS if desired, at a small advance over our Regular Factory-to-Rider cash prices.

Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept S53 CHICAGO

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER AND DREAM BOOK

Know thy FUTURE. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth and Business? Tells fortunes by ALL methods, Cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiology etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book for TEN cents. Earn money telling fortunes.

ROYAL PUB. CO., Dept. 117, So. Norwalk, Conn

FREE BOOK ON Patents

Write today for Free Copy of "How to obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature — Free. (20 years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4684 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

How to obtain a Patent

7-PIECE GENUINE Cut Glass Water Set

Tall 8-pint pitcher and 6 stylish bell-shaped tumblers—real hand cut, thin blown clear crystal glass. Beautiful, popular "Vintage" design. Regular $3.00 to $4.00 value. Do it today.

GATES MFG. CO.

DEPT. 745 CHICAGO

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars — **FREE**

London Veterinary Corres. School

Dept. 47 London, Ontario, Can

DENINGER WILL SAVE YOU $25 TO $50 DOLLARS

BIG MONEY SAVINGS FOR YOU

Used and rebuilt motorcycles, single and twins, $25 to $100. Used bicycles, $5.00; tandems, $10. All machines guaranteed in good working order. New bicycles and motorcycles at Factory prices. You save dealers' profits. Motorcycle and automobile tires too, $3.00. Complete line of parts and supplies.

Deninger Cycle Co., Rochester, N.Y.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, by mail, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

(Continued From Page 22.)

The summer creatures shall know no harm,
And when the ground lies cold and white,
Out will come each winter sprite."

Milton's Silk Shirt.

WHEN Milton's tenth birthday came he received a five dollar bill, crisp and green and new, from his Grandma Bates. With it was a note that read:

"Get yourself a silk shirt. If I had known what color you liked best, I would have gotten it for you myself. Use the money wisely if you don't want a shirt. Always and ever be a good boy."

Milton's heart pounded with joy when he saw that the bill meant fifty cents for each year of his age. How he wanted a silk shirt! How nice he would look! With the glad news he skipped to his mother in the kitchen:

"Mom," he asked, "what color do I like best?"

"How do I know?" questioned Mrs. Bates. "But I think black and white would be pretty."

"Yes," nodded Milton, "for a really-truly grownup, but I'm only ten years old. I want something bright, pink or blue or yellow."

Milton wrestled with the matter all morning as he worked in the garden. By noon he had almost decided to get blazer stripes of green as a compromise. He wrote a letter of thanks to Grandma Bates. He intended to take it to the postoffice and then he would buy the silk shirt as he returned.

He went whistling past the Methodist Church. He could almost see himself, decked out in the green-and-white silk shirt, as he sat in the Sunday School room. Every boy in the class envied him and the nearby girls gazed blissfully upon him.

Just as Milton turned the corner onto the main street he spied Uncle Ike Gifford, who was trying to mow the minister's lawn. Everybody knew Uncle Ike, for he was a hunchback that made his living by pushing a mower in summer and doing odd jobs in winter.

"Hello, Uncle Ike," called Milton cheerily. "What's the matter? Won't it cut?"

"It's like its owner," drawled Uncle Ike. "It's getting too old to be much good."

Milton tried the mower, but it had seen its best days. It had been sharpened so often that it was worn threadbare like an old man's trousers. When the old man asked the boy's errand. Milton told him all about the silk shirt. Then Uncle Ike smiled feebly and returned to his out-of-date mower.

At his favorite store there were only a few silk shirts in his size and none with the broad green stripes he wanted. Milton decided to look elsewhere.

At the general store where he went next the first thing he spied was a beautiful green-and-white article sitting just inside the opening to the hardware section. Green paint covered the metal parts, the wood had been varnished a creamy white and it sported a gorgeous label of gold and green. Yes, it was a lawn mower with a large card flaunting the special price of $5.00.

Milton went on back to the department of women's and boys' clothing. On the counter was a pile of silk shirts and the top one had green stripes. Anxiously he asked his size and found it was just what he wanted. He started to pull out the five dollar bill, then hesistated and broke into a trot.

As he ran he saw Uncle Ike pushing and tugging at the noisy mower that was no-account. He remembered how old and feeble and hunched he looked and how good he was to everybody. Milton's heart pounded as a hardware clerk came forward.

"What can I do for you?" smiled the man.

"That mower," said Milton as he handed over his birthday gift from Grandma Bates.

Uncle Ike was the most surprised person in the whole town when Milton gave him the green-and-white mower. And it was the happiest birthday Milton had ever experienced.

Thought He Was Caged.

SHE was allowed to accompany her parents to church.

The minister was of the energetic, pulpit-thumping type, and he preached from a rostrum railed in above the people. He excelled himself this day and had worked himself up to an excited pitch.

Esther was cowering close to her mother's side, and when he reached a point which he emphasized more than all the others she exclaimed in a frightened whisper:

"Mummy! What would we do if he got out!"

The Limit.

HE WAS a very small boy. Paddy was his dog, and Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road his mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be, and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly; finished his dinner with appetite and spirits unimpaired. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone up to bed there echoed thru the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and sympathy.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to trouble at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy!"

AUTUMN.

THE fairy breath has touched the leaves
And turned their green to gold;
The nestling flies from shelt'ring eaves
Before the nights grow cold.

The bunnies seek a moss-lined hut,
The squirrel his winter's store;
And packs with care each cherished nut
Beneath the tree-bark floor.

The moths and caterpillars, too,
Have sought their silken beds;
And flowers that in summer grew
Hang low their sleepy heads.

And little children leave their play
To hurry from the park;
For autumn brings the short'ning day
And home is best at dark.

Not Well Trained.

CALLER—"Nellie, is your mother in?"

Nellie—"No; mother is out shopping."

Caller—"When will she return?"

Nellie (loudly)—"Mother, what shall I say now?"

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of the Ledger wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 28-C Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

CHEST CLOGGED UP WITH HEAVY COLD?

Don't give it a chance to "set in"—use Dr. King's New Discovery

THAT dangerous stage where a cold or cough or case of grippe might get the better of you may be nearer than you think. Prompt action with Dr. King's New Discovery will avert a long siege.

For fifty years it has loosened congested chests, dissipated tight-packed phlegm, broken vicious colds and coughs. Give it to the youngsters—take it yourself. There will be no disagreeable after-effects.

60c. and $1.20 a bottle. At your druggist's.

Bowels Become Normal

— liver livens up, bile flows freely — head-ache, biliousness, tongue-fur, stomach-sourness, disappear when Dr. King's New Life Pills get in their natural, comfortable action.

Purgatives, never pleasantly corrective, sometimes habit-forming, should not be taken to rack the system violently. Nature's way is the way of Dr. King's New Life Pills—gently but firmly functioning the bowels, eliminating the intestine-clogging waste, and promoting the most gratifying results. Cleanse the system with them and know the boon of regular bowels. 25c. at all druggists.

50% Off Standard TIRES

No Money Down!

Why pay dealer's prices when you can buy standard tires direct from us at a saving of more than half? Standard make used tires in good condition, when rebuilt by expert tire makers, give wonderful satisfaction and can easily be guaranteed for 4000 miles. All tires selected by our own experts. Send no money with your order. Just state number and sizes wanted. Do not confuse our tires with the double tread tires which are sewed.

See These Prices —Less Than Half!

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$ 7.65	$2.65	32x4½	$12.55	$4.35
30x3½	8.85	2.95	33x4½	13.55	4.40
32x3½	9.65	3.25	34x4½	14.85	4.50
31x4	10.75	3.45	35x4½	15.25	4.75
32x4	11.95	3.95	36x4½	15.95	5.00
33x4	12.85	4.15	36x5	15.65	5.25
34x4	14.65	4.25	37x5	15.95	5.50

SEND your order TODAY. No money now—pay on arrival. Examine the tires and if not what you want, return them at our expense and we will at once refund your money.

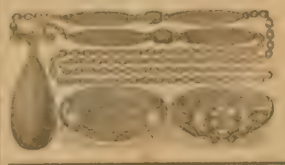
Could any offer be more fair? Your big chance to cut your tire cost right in two! State size wanted, and whether Clincher, Straight Side, Non-Skid or Plain. Write today. Immediate shipment.

MITCHELL TIRE & RUBBER CO., 115 E. 39th St. Dept. 32 Chicago

Latest Card Trick Free

Just a postal brings it, postpaid.

B. Kirkpatrick, 1318 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



ALL THESE FREE

This Victory Red Persian Ivory Pendant and Neck Chain, 30 inches long, these 4 Gold plated Rings and this lovely Gold plated Lavalliers and Neck Chain will ALL be Given FREE by us to anyone selling only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10 cents each. Victory Red is all the rage.

T. A. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

WANTED—30,000 BOYS

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS AND FREE APPOINTMENT TO THE LONE SCOUTS OF AMERICA

No experience is necessary, the less experience you have the better. We show you when you start just where to get the customers, how to sell the papers and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week and are getting the valuable premiums. Remember, you can't lose anything. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. There is no expense or risk to you at any time. All we ask is that you do as we say. Will you? Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO. DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Town .....State.....

I accept the agency your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem FREE. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

The Owl Baby.

If you should happen to be near the edge of the big woods some evening at dusk, when the shadows come creeping and creeping just like live things, you may hear a curious sound, like that you can make by pressing the tip of your finger very hard against the roof of your mouth and blowing out your breath. It is a kind of a quivery, shakery sound, sort of mixed up and sad and may send some coldness up and down your spine. But you must not be afraid, for it is nothing but some of our folks, the Screech-owls, talking to the yellow moon that is just peeping up above the swamp, or saying "Hello!" to some neighbor across the way.

For years and years the home of our particular family has been down at the bottom of a rotted-out hollow in a big old oak that stands down in the woods by the spring. You might not think it was a very nice place, as the walls and floor were rotten wood, and it was rather smelly, and no fresh air ever came down our way. But then it was home, and that meant a whole lot, even to a baby owl. At first there were five of us, little roly-poly fellows all covered with yellow, fluffy fuzz. But one day, one of these boys that are always climbing trees found our home, and carried off all the children but poor little me. He would have gotten me too, if I hadn't squeezed down in a crack, where his fingers could not reach me. When mother heard him climbing up the tree she flew away, and did not come back until after dark, because we cannot see to go about when the sun is shining. When she found that I was still in the nest she seemed very much pleased, and cuddled down, put one wing over me and dropped off to sleep, just as contentedly as if all the children were there. She did not seem to miss the others at all, and I thought what a great thing, sometimes, it is not to know how to count. During long, hot summer days, mother always stayed in the house with me, so I never got lonesome. But as soon as the sun went down, and when the red clouds had faded and everything was nice and dim, she would leave me, to go out and see about supper. Sometimes she was gone a long time, and I would get so hungry that it would seem as if I could hear the sides of my stomach rubbing together, and, that always gave me a sickish feeling. But about when I thought I could not possibly live any longer, she would come home, hot and tired, bringing a fat little field mouse, a yellow-legged grasshopper or a plump little sparrow. After I had eaten, I would feel so good and full that I just couldn't keep from nodding. Sometimes I would sleep until she came again with some kind of eatables in her claws. So between napping and supping, the night would soon be over, and daylight streaming down thru our front door. And then I would know that another day had come, which, in our family means staying in doors and awake at night and sleep in the day. When you are going to bed we are getting up, and when you are getting up, we are turning back the bedclothes to get in. Funny way to do, but it is all on account of our eyes not being made like yours.

An Old Custom.

ARTHUR received a pretty little cane with a silver head for his sixth birthday, and very proud he was of it, too. He carried it when out walking with his father that afternoon. The walk terminated in a large museum, and Arthur was very much interested to see cases filled with nothing but canes. Of course, you must remember that canes were uppermost in the boy's mind, and so he plied his father with questions about the queer-looking specimens in the cases.

"What funny canes they are," said the boy, "they are not nearly as pretty as mine."

"Those are very old walking sticks," explained his father. "Some of them were found way over in the Bible lands and are thought to have been carried in Biblical times."

"There is a picture in my Sunday school of Moses with a cane," said Arthur.

"Yes, walking sticks have been used in all ages, from Bible times down to the present day. Plain branches of trees were sometimes used, but as time went on these became more and more ornamented. In 1700 a ruling was passed forbidding footmen, attending rich gentlemen, to carry swords. Now, in those days the streets were not lighted at night, and when swords, weapons of protection, were taken from the serving men, they were replaced by staffs or canes with heavy silver knobs. These were called porter's staffs. About thirty years after this, when dueling became forbidden, the rich masters also abandoned their swords and adopted the style of their servants. The canes they carried were made of stout oak sticks and ornamented with rough knobs on which were carved faces. The wealthy gentlemen used to vie with each other to see who could obtain the handsomest cane. Some were long and some were short; some had silver handles and some had handles of gold. They came in great variety, indeed. But the short ones won popular favor and are still the vogue.

"Mine's a short one, isn't it Daddy?" asked Arthur, displaying his diminutive cane. "I think it's the best one of all."

His Couplet.

SAID a teacher to the class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two and boil." There was silence for a while, and then a boy held up his hand in token of success.

"Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read:

"A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose,
And a corn on the ear is worth two on your toes."

Poor Pussy!

The Young Thing—"Oh, I'm so happy! Mr. Skinner has just been telling me of his love."

The Older Thing—"Which one?"

ESTABLISHED 1858

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT — WATCHES ON CREDIT

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. *The House of Worth-While Gifts on Credit*

Send for Free Jewelry Catalog, select as many articles as you wish and have all charged in one account. *Liberty Bonds Accepted.*

DIAMOND RINGS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

All the new fancy engraved and pierced Diamond Rings are shown in our Catalog

Every article in our Catalog is specially selected and priced unusually low. Whatever you select will be sent prepaid by us. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of price and keep it, balance in eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

Suggestions For Gifts

Diamond Rings, Solitaire	$25 up
Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Rings	100 up
Diamond La Vallieres	10 up
Diamond Ear-Screws	25 up
Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Scarf Pins	100 up

Suggestions For Gifts

Diamond Studs	$10 up
Diamond Scarf Pins	8 up
Wrist Watches	22 up
Watches, gold filled	18 up
Cameo Scarf Pins, Diamond-set	12 up
Vest Chains, solid gold	12 up

Order Today Don't Delay

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. F 890 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

We Prepay Shipping Charges

Prosperous People Wear Diamonds

Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (15 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 40, Chicago, Ill.

TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

$2.50

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full standard size railroad style watch with locomotive on dial; nifty locomotive handsomely engraved on back. Full nickel plated case, extra dust proof. Arabic numerals on dial, heavy R. R. style figures. Genuine American make, 7 jewel ruby and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. To advertise our business and introduce this wonderful watch and our great catalogue of Elgin, Waltham and Hamilton watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail prepaid for ONLY $2.50 and if you will tear out two of these watches we will give you OUR SAMPLE WATCH FREE for your trouble. Send this advertisement with $2.50 and watch will be sent by mail prepaid, or send $5.00 for two and we will send ONE EXTRA WATCH FREE. Remember this offer may not appear again. Address ELLIOTT PHELPS CO., 1112 Morton Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND POSTCARD FOR THESE ORIENTAL HATPINS AND BEADS

SEND NO MONEY! Here is [illegible] for $2.00. If not satisfied return same three days after receiving them and money will be cheerfully refunded. Order today. Send no money, just your name and address, when postman delivers pay him [illegible]. ORIENTAL BEAD COMPANY, 737 Cornelia Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere and Necklace, pair of Pierceless Ear Bobs; Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with lin. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. DEPT. 224 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Salute the Ham and—

Think of All the Misguided Dyspeptics Who Refuse the Good Things to Eat for Fear of Indigestion. No Trouble Like That if you Follow Meals With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Lay a slice of broiled ham on a white plate with a couple of nicely fried eggs

and there you have a picture. Salute the autocrat of the breakfast table.

But, you say, I can't eat ham and, —they don't agree. This is the sort of prejudice a host of people have against many of the most tempting dishes, people who have just as much trouble with a glass of milk or oatmeal as they do with fried onions. Try eating what you like and follow your meal with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet to relieve possible grassiness, rumblings, drowsiness, sour rising, heartburn, water brash, and the "stuffy" feeling after eating. These Tablets contain harmless ingredients that act with an alkaline effect just as the stomach does when it is perfectly normal.

Many physicians prescribe them for indigestion, dyspepsia and other digestive disorders, as they are sold in all drug stores everywhere in the United States and Canada. The druggist recommends them as among his steady staples for they really give relief and are highly appreciated.

KIDNEY TROUBLE—A UNIVERSAL DISEASE

The weak spot in the human system is usually the kidneys—the most overworked organs in the whole body. Keep them clean and in proper working condition, and nature will repay you with health.

Don't wait until the first warnings have developed into final symptoms. At the first indication that the kidneys are not working properly go to your druggist and get Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules—and you will get prompt relief. They will quickly relieve the stiffened joints, backache and other aches and pains; cleanse the kidneys, purify the blood and stimulate the liver, stomach and other organs to healthy action.

For more than 200 years Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules has been the recognized remedy for kidney and bladder ailments. They are imported direct from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland. Get them at any drug store, and do not take a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

SUNLIGHT EVERY NIGHT

With the New SOLAR

Try in your own home at our risk. Gives three times the light of common lamp on half the oil. 60 candle power 10 hours on 1 gallon kerosene. Better, brighter, safer, cheaper than Gas, Gasoline or electricity. Approved by Government Experts and Scientists. 500,000 satisfied users. Show the

Solar Mantle Lamp

to parties whom we refer to you and make big profits. Write today for selling plans, exclusive free territory and introductory offer.

SOLAR LAMP CO., 22 Solar Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE FACTORY $5 BEDDING BOOK—SAVES

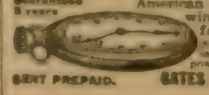
Write this minute for price-slashing catalog "FEATHER FACTS and BEDDING BARGAINS," sent FREE. Every page crammed with DIRECT FACTORY OFFERS underselling all middlemen. We sell C. O. D. and give ironclad MONEY BACK GUARANTEE backed by four banks. BEFORE you write elsewhere, SEND FOR THIS PURITY BOOK.

PURITY BEDDING COMPANY, 326 Spurbeam St., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Free THIS NOVA-TONE TALKING MACHINE

Case Mahogany finish, [illegible] no motor to get out of order, exquisite reproducer, enjoyment for all. [illegible] cuts, burns, influenza, etc. [illegible] and the machine is yours. Guaranteed. Records free. Order today. Address

U. S. Co., Box 429-Greenville, Pa.



Guaranteed 5 years

American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, [illegible] post cards at 15c ea. Order your choice

FREE

SENT PREPAID. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Easily prepared, and saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make a full pint—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 118 W. 31st Street, New York

Mexican White Sapphires, 75c

14k gold-filled Tiffany Ring for ladies or Tooth Ring for gents; guaranteed 10 years. We defy experts to tell this Ring from a genuine diamond. REG. $2.00 VALUE FOR 75c.

MEXICAN DIAMOND CO., Dept. 8, 430 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Send for our big bargain Catalogue.

ASTHMA

Why suffer? Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 60c. at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes.

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Always ready for use. 35c postpaid for this wonderful instrument. KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

ARE YOU BASHFUL,

Self Conscious, Embarrassed in Company? Let us tell you how you can overcome these troubles and acquire Poise, Confidence, assurance and a magnetic personality. Address The Veritas Science Institute, 1400 Broadway, New York. Desk 9.

Printing Cheap

Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $8. Larger $25 Job press $100. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-24, Meriden, Conn.

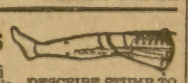
52 Varieties Hardy Northern raised Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys. Pure-bred heaviest laying strains. Fowls, Eggs, Incubators all at low prices. 21st year. Large Poultry Book and Breeders Guide FREE. W. A. WEBER, Box 205, Mankato, Minn.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

New Zealands Flemish Giants and Cavies Profits large We supply stock and show you how to sell all you raise also Mink, Skunk Fox, etc Book COMMON SENSE RABBIT RAISING and 72 page small stock magazine tells how. Dime NONE FREE STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., 998 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Automatic Fibre Limbs



Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Artificial Leg. GOOD PAY. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 323 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

FREE WATCH & RING

This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also a Fine Ring for selling only 25 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 250 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

PATENTS Write for our free Illustrated Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT." Send model or sketch and description of the invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. HIGHEST REFERENCES. PROMPT ATTENTION. REASONABLE TERMS. Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

How the Editor Went a-Hunting

(Continued From Page 2)

ging, lung-choaking engines of the Illinois Central suburban lines. Thus perished another prospect, and hope began to die in the editor's heart. All was not well in Denmark!

After a night's rest—for, be it known, in this London of the West one has to use up hours and hours to cover the city from one part to the other—he started out, emboldened by the picture of his blushing bride for whom he must provide a comfortable little home. This time he went straight to 666 D street. He found a splendid flat, light, comfortable, beautifully decorated—all that the heart could desire. It was, however, on the fifth floor of a flat building, and the elevator has been "out of commission for three years." After some consideration as to whether he could establish a series of offices on each floor landing so as to work a while between installments of the climb, the Editor sadly gave up the idea of raising his body a hundred feet or so, four or five times daily for the next year. And one must have callers!

By this time the Editor was in a fighting mood. So he proceeded to 555 E street, where another cozy little flat was advertised. Somebody there, taking advantage of the terrific shortage in apartments, had taken some old rambling house which was ready to topple in, had papered four rooms on the top floor with enormous red roses, and had called it a "flat." It had no hot water, nor cold either, so far as the Editor could see; no steam heat, nor furnace heat. No gas! And it was a cold chill day when he examined it. He had once been in New Orleans in the worst time of the New Orleans year. That "flat" was New Orleans all over again. He turned his footsteps sadly onward.

At 444 F street, however, he came upon a most pleasurable surprise. A beautiful little flat greeted his eyes. It had everything but electric light, which, after all, mattered not much. Its walls were delicately tinted, graceful in their ornamentations. Its light was splendid. Its halls were clean and spick and span. Access to it was given by an electric elevator, painted and burnished and polished till it literally shone, operated by a neat boy in pressed and brushed uniform with white collar, whiter even than the Editor's own ink-stained neck band. But—the building in which this flat now remained—stood in the center of a district which had gradually encroached upon, and then enveloped it; the toughest and most disreputable district of the city, where from one's window one could look down and see the scum and riffraff of humanity surging back and forth in the narrow streets below. Romance? Yes. But no home for a blushing bride!

Another possibility presented itself by this time, written evidently, by a born copy writer who knew how to get the "punch." The Editor won't go into details of how he climbed into a taxicab and hurled himself over to 333 G street, and when he got there, in front of the Belgravia, or whatever the name of the place was, he was swamped, engulfed, smothered by thousands of "kids" who swarmed in and out the halls, banked themselves twenty deep on the sidewalks, fought, pushed, shoved, played marbles, pulled little girls' hair and shouted, screamed, tussled and yelled. The Editor has been in many a center of population in his life, including some of the Ghetto districts of the larger cities, but in the Belgravia and the apartment buildings around it the race suicide bars were evidently down, removed and burned up! It would have delighted the heart of Colonel Roosevelt.

Now the Editor and his bride had no dislike to "kids" as "kids"—but the noise—it resembled Niagara Falls; it was the hum of thousands of flies buzzing over a huge pot of honey. And so Ye Ed gave it up, for his hours at home are just the hours when those 1,000,000,000 kids were let loose from school. And the Editor does a little fiction writing of his own, now and then, you know.

Quite wilted by now, he went sadly over to 22 H street. Here he found a four-room apartment, which contained all the so-called necessities of big-city apartment existence. But—of all the tiny rooms that ever greeted his eyes—these were the worst. He insulted the dignified janitor who showed the apartment by commenting upon the parlor with the naive exclamation: "What a wonderful large light closet." "Closet!" snorted the king of the place. "This here is the parlor." The Editor moved on. He has never lived in a sardine can yet, and realized that in his present earthly state he never can.

At 111 I street, the Editor found a most wonderful apartment. It was all the heart could desire. It had everything! It was the dream flat. But the price! The stiffest price that ever a profiteer landlord, buckled in sword and cutlass, every put over. The price—it literally staggered him. The bride looked at it. She exclaimed: "How divine."

The price? The Editor forgot the price and everything else. He took it. Thus ended a strange hunt across the wilds of Chicago.

Raised His Ante.

HERE is a story of Dan Leno, who probably made more money and gave more of it away than any comedian who ever lived. In the middle of one of his successful tours he ran up to town one Sunday and visited his club. Addressing an old waiter, he said:

"Maurice, how long have you been working for this club?"

"Ever since it was started, Mr. Leno."

"And what was the biggest tip you ever received, Maurice?"

"Two sovereigns."

"Well, my boy," said Leno, "I'll make that fellow look foolish. Here's a fiver for you. And by the way, Maurice, what was the name of the fellow who gave you two pounds?"

"Well, Mr. Leno," said Maurice, after he had secured the five-pound note, "it was yourself, sir."

They Also Do It in France.

ON ELECTION day a young man came to a booth to vote.

"But, Monsieur," said one of the overseers, "you have already voted."

"I am certain that I have not."

A search being made of the records, it is discovered that there has been an error in the recording of the Christian name. It is not Marius Tartarin that has voted but Gonzague Tartarin.

"Gonzague!" cried the young man; "you are quite sure that he has voted?"

"Yes, indeed! Look, here is the register."

"Ah, how I regret not having been here," said the young man. "I would have embraced him with such pleasure. He is my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes, and I have not seen him since he died, four years ago."

A Good Reason.

IN ONE of our small country hotels we had a breakfast served us which was indescribably bad. Nothing could we eat, and in desperation we called the landlady and asked if she could at least give us a glass of milk. With arms akimbo she looked us over and replied: "I tells you right now, I is a noted milker. I was called the best milker in Hinds County when Joe Mitchell married me, but the truth is, I ain't got no cow."

SEND NO MONEY

Fashionable Fall and Winter combination of stunning dress Oxfords and stylish Spats. Worn everywhere by well-dressed women. Shoes are beautifully styled and splendidly made of selected leather. Shapely, comfortable and serviceable. You will be amazed at their wonderful value. Your choice of dull black patent leather, or rich, dark tan; military low or French high heels. Sent on approval, at our risk.

Choice of High or Low Heel Direct from the Shoe Market of the World

Spats FREE Pair of handsome, warm, very smart Spats FREE with every pair of oxfords. Attractive with any costume. Made of good, beautiful material and glove-fitting. Choice of dark grey, light grey, taupe, brown or fawn. Send no money, just mail coupon below. Pay only $4.98 on arrival, for oxfords. Spats FREE.

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 749, BOSTON, MASS.

Send shoes ON APPROVAL. Color?.....Height heel?.....

I pay only $4.98 on arrival. Send Spats FREE (Color?.....)

Name..... Size.....

Address.....

RELIABLE TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price DOUBLE TREAD

5000 Miles Guaranteed

Just received a carload of tires and tubes, the best money can buy. Will give from 5,000 to 10,000 miles service.

Introductory Prices (Save You More Than One-half)

Size	Tires	Tube	Size	Tires	Tube
30x3	$5.50	$2.00	34x4	9.25	3.75
30x3½	6.50	2.25	34x4½	10.50	4.25
*32x3½	7.50	2.50	35x4½	11.00	4.50
31x4	8.50	3.25	36x4½	11.50	4.60
32x4	8.75	3.50	37x5	12.00	5.00
*33x4	9.00	3.50			

To quickly introduce reliable Quality Double Tread Tires and Tubes we are offering them at the lowest price ever known. Never before have you been offered such bargains. Supply limited. Order now.

Free Reliner With Each Tire

In ordering be sure and state size wanted, also whether straight side; clincher; plain or non-skid. (*32x3 1-2 and 32x6 s. s. only). Send $2 deposit on each tire; $1 on each Tube; balance C. O. D. subject to examination. Take 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Remember we guarantee to please.

Reliable Tire and Rubber Co: 3490 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

Weak kidneys may cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

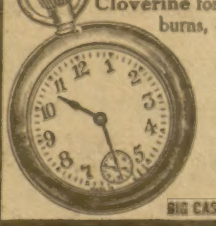
If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because as soon as your kidneys are well, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalogue which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.



LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET OR **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Salve sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. L 131. Tyrone, Pa.

Resinol
heals skin diseases

QUILT PIECES Three dozen assorted postpaid 25c. METRO APRON CO., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

I want men to introduce from house to house a high grade line of perfumes, cosmetics, flavoring extracts, spices, toilet soap etc. Steady work. Big profits No experience necessary. Cake of soap and full particulars mailed free to any address. Lacassian Co. Dept. 240, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: $8.00 A DAY
New 2 in 1 Reversible Raincoat

This new coat of elegant style is finished on both sides. One side rich tan dress coat, other side storm work coat. Two coats for the price of one. Saves $10.00. Sells to professional men, business men, clerks and appeals especially to men for outdoor work.

Positively Guaranteed Waterproof
Popular price. Great Seller. Real money for agents. Hautsold 16 coats in three days. Send for free outfit—big swatch book, style plates and reversible coat to wear and show. Sell other models and dozens of other fabrics to men, women and children. Commission paid same day you write order. We make deliveries. Write for sample. All coats guaranteed water-proof or money back.
DIRECT-SALES CO., 109 Storm St., Dayton, Ohio

Do You Need MONEY?
If you are making less than $150 a month, write me today. I have no "get-rich-quick" plan. But if you are wide-awake, honest, willing to work with me and give me at least part of your time, I offer you
MAN OR WOMAN
the Special Agency (local or traveling) for our great line of Household Necessities. Experience is unnecessary. I will furnish everything, so that lack of capital shall not stand in your way. Hundreds of prosperous men and women who started this way are now making $150 a month and more. It's your great opportunity—and I say don't miss it. Just drop me a post card today for complete particulars FREE.
FREE Ford AUTO
NOT A CONTEST. We have a new plan whereby we furnish our new representatives with a 1918 automobile Free, in addition to their regular pay. Write quick while this special offer is open.
Albert Mills, Mgr. 1767 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Big pay for selling Staples! Our Sanitary Brushes, Mops and dusters sell everywhere. Quick repeaters. Splendid sales helps, good territory, refund on samples.
NORTH RIDGE BRUSH CO., 120 Clark Ave., Freeport, Ill.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?
Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.
COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. A, CHICAGO, ILL.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Heart of an Actress

By V. R. Emanuel

[Copyright.]

"I WANT you to be my wife, Rae," pleaded Lester Ronalds as they sat side by side in the cabaret.

Rae Mable tapped her little shoe against the floor in agitation, but she did not answer him immediately.

"Rae, you know how much I care for you," pleaded Lester. "It isn't as if we hadn't known each other for months. Why can't you say yes? You admit that you love me. What is there that is to come between us?"

"Five or six million dollars, Lester," answered Rae, lifting her eyes to the young man's. "And your mother and father. And all the wealthy relatives you have. And your fashionable friends. And my position as a chorus girl. What do you suppose your people would say to a chorus girl daughter-in-law?"

"But when they see you, Rae, they will think the same that I do," answered Lester. "I know how good you are, and that you joined the chorus to support your mother, because you had the opportunity. It isn't the job that degrades the woman, it's the woman who makes the position what it is."

Rae flushed at the young man's ardor. She was very fond of Lester; had loved him for six months, in fact. And she was the prettiest member of the sextet, and undeniably straight as a die.

"There's something else, Lester," she answered. "You know, I'm—well, common. I don't always speak grammatically. You know that's pretty bad. How would you like your folks to hear me say 'you was?' Not that I don't know better, but that's the way I was bred, and it naturally slips out sometimes."

"Dearest Rae," said Lester, taking her hand, "my love is strong enough to overcome all those difficulties. Become my wife as the first step, and after that—well, I guess you'll be able to have all the grammar lessons you want."

The girl hesitated, and the fight was won. She loved Lester, and at 24 love seems the most precious thing in the world. Before they parted at her door that evening she had promised to marry him.

Even in the intoxication of his happiness the young man felt the difficulty of making a satisfactory explanation to his parents.

SIX months later Rae passed out of Lester's life. In the brief letter that she left for him she told him that she would no longer make his life a burden. She was going where she belonged, and she hoped that their paths would never cross again.

The furious outcry against the marriage had not availed to turn Lester from his determination. Finally, his parents had given their reluctant consent and the young couple had set up housekeeping in a modest apartment in the residential section. And then their troubles began.

Lester's old friends had cut him. His parents, overcome by the blow, received his wife only grudgingly into their home, and when Rae was there she saw unmistakably how they and their other guests regarded her. Lester was solitary and morose. Rae did all she could to brighten his life, but unavailingly.

And the longing for the old life began to stir in her. Lester had suggested a grammar teacher, but the girl, disgusted with the treatment she had received, obstinately refused.

"I was willing to try to become one of them," she said, "and they wouldn't have me. Now you can keep your old grammar."

Once or twice Rae brought theatrical people to the flat. Their ways of speech, their views jarred upon Lester, and he made no attempt to conceal his dislike for them. Angry recriminations followed. Finally Rae announced her decision to go back to the stage. Lester forbade it.

For the first time since their marriage he realized how greatly the fault had been his own. He had done nothing to accustom his wife to her new life, while he had denied her her own. He spent the better part of the week searching for her. Finally he was driven to admit that she had carried out her threat; she had gone with the intention of never returning to him.

His obstinacy aroused, he went back to his parents' arms. It was not long before the insidious suggestions of a divorce, coupled with the eager welcome extended by his friends, as to a man who had made a fool of himself, but had repented, worked upon Lester. He sued his wife for divorce on the ground of abandonment. The case was not contested; Lester thought Rae was ignorant of it.

But on the evening of the day on which he became a free man he received anonymously by mail a withered rose. He recognized it from the tinsel wrapped around the stalk. It was one which he had given her in the cabaret that night when she had accepted him.

THREE years later Lester found himself many times a millionaire. His parents were dead; he had succeeded to his father's stock exchange business, and was spoken of as one of the coming men of the Street.

It was just at this time that Madame Cossi was announced with a flourish of trumpets on the part of her impresario as the greatest singer of the age, now about to make her first public appearance in the metropolis. And in this case the impresario was right. The town raved over her. Never had so talented an actress appeared since Rachel. Never was there such a voice. The papers estimated her princely income as not far short of that of any captain of industry. Her studio apartment on the avenue became the haunt of celebrities.

Society took her up. Madame Cossi was the lion—or lioness—of every fashionable entertainment. And it was soon learned that the name Cossi was one of those fictitious ones with which stage favorites endow themselves.

Beautiful, talented, and undeniably charming, Madame Cossi had the city at her feet.

When first he saw her lithograph upon the billboards, Lester felt sure that it was his wife. He went to see her in "Carmen." There before him, tantalizing, elusive, was the woman whom he had won only to lose, of his own perverseness. Her acting thrilled him.

"Yes," he heard a bald-headed cynic at his side say to his companion, "she's been in love—helplessly. It takes that to bring out the acting quality in a woman. After all, every woman is a potential actress."

Lester remembered the words when he met her unexpectedly at Mrs. Van Tromp's reception. Without a shade of hesitation Rae put out her hand.

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Ronalds," she said.

She touched him to the heart. This woman seemed made of stone. He pleaded for an interview. For some time she refused to grant one.

"I am at home to my friends at 5 on Saturdays," she said finally.

THERE was nobody but Rae in the sumptuously furnished apartment when Lester called. She was attired in a magnificent dress, which left an indistinct impression of gold and black lace. There was such a smile on her face as might have been given any chance acquaintance.

"This is very charming, Mr. Ronalds," she said, "but does it not strike you as a trifle unwise on your part?"

"Why?" he demanded, feeling an insane jealousy in his heart for this woman, calm, unapproachable, whom he had lost.

"Because you can hardly wish to rake up unpleasant memories. As for me," she confessed, "the remembrance of a certain six months burns and stings. By the way, I had the pleasure last week of refusing the hand of Charlie Duckett, the first of your friends to cut me, you may remember. When I told him who I was he turned perfectly yellow."

"Rae," said Lester, "you have never been out of my thoughts these years past. I want you—I want you, Rae. I want you with all my heart."

She dropped him a mock curtsy. "You are very good, Lester," she said, her face softening a little. "But really one does not go thru this twice. It was to tell you that that I permitted you to call. Saturday is not my at-home day.

"Listen, Lester," she went on, with ringing scorn. "I left you because I was dragging you down. At that time I was heartbroken. Then I resolved that I would show you what I could have become. I did study grammar. I went abroad and learned singing in Rome—never mind how. Anything can be done if one is determined enough. And I came back to show you what you had lost. Well, I have shown you. I have had my revenge. And now let me tell you I have no further wish to lionize it among the shallow, heartless people of your set. Once I gave up my career for you. Now I have it again. And I hate you—hate you, Lester, and I never want to see you again."

She spoke like a queen of tragedy. But something in Lester's heart rose to match the passion in hers.

"I love you, Rae, and I'm going to win you again," he said. "Rae—my Rae——"

And, as the tow kindles to the fire, suddenly the ice melted in Rae's heart. He was holding her in his arms and looking into her face.

"Rae, you didn't mean that?"

"Lester, I—came back to hear you tell me what you are telling me now."

* * *

The Prints of a Woman's Shoes.

(Continued From Page 21.)

continued, turning to the prosecuting attorney, "show Tennant the note we took out of Marsden's safety deposit box at the First National Bank."

Gordon took from his wallet a rather yellowed slip of paper and held it so the chief could see it, but sufficiently distant from him so that he couldn't grab it.

The chief's eyes riveted on the scrawlly but distinct signature attached to the note. As he recognized it, he seemed to slump together, to lose his huge bulk, to become mean and small.

"I guess that's all," said Sumner. "Call a couple of officers and have him taken away."

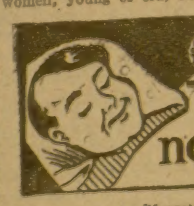
The chief said not a word as he was led from the room. After his departure Sumner stood for a long time at the window looking down at the footprints beneath him, now growing indistinct in the increasing twilight. The death of his old friend, Henry Marsden, would not go unavenged!

* * *

If time is money there is no use in a man's spending so much time trying to borrow a little cash.

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European Laboratory has given the world a wonderful new discovery that quickly soothes, heals and stops Weakness of Bladder and Kidneys.
It is called PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands everywhere using it when all else fails. Simple-Quick-Safe, for men, women, young or old, no matter how long suffering.



Sleep all night no getting up

If you want to "forget you have a Bladder" and enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment from now on, all the rest of your days, then use this new remedy on Free Trial.

50c Pkg'e FREE
Also "New Science" Booklet

To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and "New Science" Leaflet telling how to treat yourself. Every Bladder, Prostate, or Kidney sufferer should read it. Send no money just your address, and get all by return mail. Write today.
E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York.

CRUEL PILES

Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE

To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, and such Pile trouble—all in plain wrapper — TO TRY FREE. Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous Absorption Method. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone without cost. Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are often controlled in a single day. Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. RZ-46, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH—WE PAY up to $35.00 per set, (broken or not). Also buy discarded gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, diamonds, watches, and silver. Send now. Cash by return mail. Package held 5 to 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. U. S. Smelting Works, Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

500 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 300% profit, enormous repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.50 in June. Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2,500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-146, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—FREE SAMPLE CASE OFFER; the biggest money-making line on the market; guaranteed products; established demand; profits from 100 to 140 per cent. Ho-Ro-Co Toilet articles, soaps and household necessities are easy to sell; repeat often. We furnish selling helps and back you up every minute. Exclusive territory. This is a winner for aggressive agents. Write for plan today. Ho-Ro-Co, 125 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED TO SELL WASH- clean, oldest, fastest selling, greatest repeater on earth. Won Gold Medal World's Exposition. Passed Government tests. Washes clothes in ten minutes without rubbing. Harms nothing but dirt. Sale every package guaranteed. Free samples given to boost sales. Exclusive territory. Packard & Co., A-2, Pittsburg, Kansas.

LIBERTY PORTRAITS BIG WINNERS. Thirty days credit—36 hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog, and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

EITHER SEX, AMONG THE BEST PROPO- sitions in America. Let us tell you how an agent sold $1,400.00 worth of goods in 75 days. In business 24 years in this locality. Two articles, companion sellers. 15c brings samples and particulars. J. Field, Dept. 4, Muscatine, Iowa.

AGENTS—REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

DOLLAR AN HOUR SURE. MEN, WOMEN, sell Menthol Ointment. Leave on trial. Trial is sale. Good side line. Credit and freight allowed. Sample free. Established 1885. Horner Manufacturing, 540 Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $2.00 an hour selling super-fine toilet necessities with new give away features. Tested business builders. Write quick for exclusive territory. Brorby, 504 South Dearborn, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN A HOME BUSINESS that will bring you money every day. Experience unnecessary. Spare time. Useful gifts, pocket samples. Everything furnished. Send for proofs. Metal Crafts Association, 148 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BIG EARNINGS EASY. 5 STARTLING IN- ventions. All original auto accessories. Sell to owners, dealers, agents. Establish your own business. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Desk 320, Jubilee Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. 2 IN 1 RE- versible raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats for the price of one. Guaranteed. Big seller. Clear $12 a day. Write for territory and demonstrating sample. Thomas Raincoat Co., 3811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

DON'T ACCEPT AN AGENCY UNTIL YOU get particulars regarding Bero Tablets. 400% profit. Customers excited. Agents coining money. Prohibition assures quick sales. Wonderful opportunity. Write quick. Bero Company, 543 No. Dearborn, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free; Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

DAVIS' LUCKY 'LEVEN SELLING BETTER than ever, $3.35 value sells for $1.25. Mrs. Lewis sold 280 in 7½ days—profit $200. "37" varieties of other big winners. 150%-250% profit. Great crew managers' proposition. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, Chicago.

$61.50 WEEKLY. INTRODUCING AND selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write to-day. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 334, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM, DRY AND FREE from offensive odor by using Prof. Wingren's Voltaic Electric Insoles. Sample pair 50c. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction. Agents wanted. Electric Appliance Co., Burlington, Kansas.

$12.50 PER 100 PAID RELIABLE WOMAN to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. B. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS: BIG PAY AND FREE AUTOMO- bile introducing wonderful new gasoline saver, puncture proof, five year spark plugs and other economical auto necessities. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Mgr., 1623 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS—EVERY AUTO OWNER WANTS gold initials on his car. Easily applied. Samples free. American Monogram Co., Dept. 1, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued.)

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—GET A LIVE ONE EVERY housewife buys—Dustless India Fibre Broom—sells $1.25. Big profits. Cambridge Mfg. Co., 549 W. Washington, Dept. V, Chicago.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

BIG PROPOSITION: AGENTS WANTED. Something new in portraits. "Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

SELL GLOSSINE HAIR STRAIGHTENER to colored people. Marvelous seller. Sample 25c. Particulars free. American Supply House, 21 Pike, Covington, Ky.

"KLEAN-RITE" WASHES CLOTHES WITH- out rubbing. Whirlwind seller. Enormous profits. Samples free. "Besco," 3253-LL, Belleplaine, Chicago.

COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE: PARTICU- lars. Taymor Perfumers, V-335 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY mail clerks. Average $117 month. Life job. Common education sufficient. List positions open—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 29, Rochester, N. Y.

BE INDEPENDENT, OWN A PROFITABLE business. Silver quarter brings wonderful secret. Address, Hebley Bell, Box 406, McCurtain, Okla.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START BUSINESS silvering mirrors, plating tableware. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS; $100.00 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVES. FASCINATING profession. Travel. Complete course $5. Manning's Institute, Box 76, Tappahannock, Va.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $150-$200 MONTH- ly, all railroads, everywhere, experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUTO EXPERTS WANTED. $35 WEEK. Learn while earning. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 804, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Write J. Ganor, former Govt. detective, Danville, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOV'T. POSITIONS ARE DESIRABLE. $1,000-$1,200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet B. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH. RETAIN YOUTH- ful vigor. Wonderful results. Intensely interesting booklet free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY FREE—A MAGAZINE GIVING the Facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' trial subscription free. If for a home or investment you are thinking of buying good farm land, simply write me a letter and say "mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Editor, Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 112 Hall Ave., Marinette, Wis.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED TO HEAR FROM OWNER OF farm or good land for sale. Price right. L. Jones, Olney, Ill.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property write me. John J. Black, 79 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

OLD COINS

GENUINE OLD COIN AND LARGE 42 PAGE illustrated coin catalog for ten cents. Just a "get acquainted" offer. Send now. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, Mehl Bldg., Dept. Y, Fort Worth, Texas.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, PLAYING CARDS, GAMES, Lodestone Books. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WE WISH TO HEAR FROM LADY INTER- ested in literary work; send us a story, article or poem for examination, type or hand-written. If acceptable we will pay you cash. If appointed on our staff will pay you salary. Submit your ms. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 1033, Washington, D. C.

LADIES WANTED TO MAKE BIG MONEY during spare time. Agents make 100% profit selling patented 50c article for women. Write today for particulars. P. O. Box 786-A, Seattle, Wash.

WOMEN—BECOME EXPERT MILLINERS, $125 month. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M. 903, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—5 BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

HUNDREDS WOMEN, 18 TO 50, U. S. GOV- ernment census jobs. Easy, pleasant office work. $1,140 year. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN—$125-$200 MONTH. BECOME EX- pert dress designers. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 854, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor, weekly magazine. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DO YOU WANT $2,000 A YEAR WITHOUT work, worry or inconvenience? Then have us plant, develop and continue to cultivate a five acre fig orchard for you. We harvest your fruit; purchase it; and then divide the profits from preserving and selling with you. Offer limited. $5.00 starts you. Our Free Book tells all. Write for it today. Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Ass'n., 833 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$1 DOES IT. TEXAS OIL LAND MAKING holders big money everyday. Bank references furnished. Investigate us thoroughly, that's all we ask. Results count. Our plan $1 down, balance monthly few months gives you Warranty Deed to land. May pay profits $200 or more monthly. Maps, reports, established facts Free. Address, Souriake Texas Oil Co., 307 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL REFINING THE GREAT FORTUNE maker. Would you like to know all about the large and sure profits made by oil refineries? Write for free copy of report on refineries. Texas Oil and Gas Refineries, 422 Burton Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas. Live representatives can make big money. Write for particulars.

WOULD YOU INVEST A DOLLAR A WEEK for ten weeks on a chance to make a thousand dollars or more? Write for particulars. No obligation. J. A. Carlton, Box 676, Fort Worth, Texas.

SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES through small investments. Address, Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

EDUCATIONAL

YOUNG MEN-WOMEN AND AUTOMOBILE owners will receive valuable information for stamp. Write today. Kautch, 122 Miner, Stockton, Cal.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

FREE BOOK ON PATENTS—WRITE TO- day for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (20 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. PER- sonal, careful, and efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send sketch or model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 20Z Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG—LOVE, MOTHER, HOME, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219 Reaper Block, Chicago.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis Minn.

MATTRESSES

BEST, GENUINE COTTON FELT, FULL size, at, A, $16.50; B, $22.75; C, $27.50. Best workmanship. Express prepaid. Send P. O. or express money order. Donigan Bros., 3522 Van Buren St., Chicago. Mention size.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

SMALL CAPITAL BUYS GUARANTEED professional moving picture machine. Complete outfits on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Theatre Supply Service, Dept. B., 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE MONEY FAST. START "MOVIE" theater with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B, Ellsworth Building, Chicago.

BAITS AND SCENTS

FREE BAIT TO TRAPPERS—SEND FOR A sample of our powerfully effective bait Free—try it and find why thousands of successful trappers use it—or send 50c and large 2-oz. bottle will be sent postpaid. Everything complete for hunter and trapper. Friend Trappers Supply, Dep't. No. 43, 418-20-22 S. Commercial St., St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should taken Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE through lost vigor can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G. Pittsburg, Kansas.

MEN — SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seek in early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 32 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—BE STRONG AND MANLY, FULL OF vigor, courage and vitality; give age, send $1 for the Ideal Hercules Vital Remedy, postpaid, and we will guarantee to send you at any time more if needed free of charge. Ideal Remedy Co., D5, Lake Mills, Wis.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth $1,000 to $800,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

BE A MAN, IF YOU ARE WEAK AND RUN down, if there is loss of power, try Vitae. Full month's treatment sent post paid for $2.00. The Empire Medicine Co., P. O. Box No. 60. Beirne, Arkansas.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL- ist, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

MOTHERS OF BED-WETTING CHILDREN. You need Pen-ine and our Book of Advice. Do not delay. Get both free. Address, The Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION; BEST, largest; established 14 years; thousands wealthy members. Confidential. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Calif.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL- ist, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—JOIN MY CORRESPOND- ence club. Many rich members. Information free. Write today. A. Farrar, Riverside, Illinois.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIP- tions free. Many wealthy (sealed), pay when married. Langden, 802 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—THOUSANDS LONELY PEOPLE; all ages; worth $5,000 to $400,000; will marry; write for my list; free. Ralph Hyde, 41 Minna, San Francisco, Cal.

"CLASSY PICTURES" — ALSO BOOKS. Just what you want. Catalog free. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE! BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage, 20c. Select Club, Dept. L., Box 166, Topeka, Kansas.

IF YOU WISH A HEALTHY AND WEALTHY husband, write me. L. Sproul, Sta. H., Cleveland, Ohio.

15 CARDS DIFFERENT READING FOR men only, 10c, silver. W. J. Walker, Risher, Ark.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, E-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

110 Piece Dinner Set

Bluebird Colonial Design

ONLY $1.00 DOWN

AMAZING value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is in the popular Colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird, whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. **Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze.** Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This finish permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of rich snow-flake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only $1.00 down and $2.60 monthly. Price, in all, $26.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

Complete Service—110 Pieces

This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 inches; 12 breakfast plates, 7½ inches; 12 coupe soups, 7½ inches; 12 fruit saucers, 5½ inches; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in.; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.; 1 platter, 11½ inches; 1 platter 12¾ inches; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9½ inches; 1 round vegetable dish, 8½ inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7½ inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight, shipped, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G5863A. Send $1.00 with order.
$2.60 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $26.95
No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. *No discount for cash.* Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. No C. O. D.

30 Days' Trial!

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within thirty days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Can any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today—NOW!

Send the Coupon

along with $1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Dinner Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today—RIGHT NOW!

Straus & Schram

Dept. 5018 West 35th St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Straus & Schram
Dept. 5018 West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110 piece Bluebird Dinner Set. I am to have 30 day's free trial. If I keep the set I will pay you $2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **110-piece Bluebird Dinner Set No. G5863A, $26.95.**

Name.....

Street R. F. D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you only want the catalog, put an X in proper box below:
☐Furniture, Rugs, Stoves and Jewelry ☐Roofing
☐Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing